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PERIODICAL HOLDINGS

EDITORIAL

ECHOES OF GDANSK

1970, 1976, 1980. . . . History repeats itself in Poland—although each time with a different twist. In the current confrontation, there are elements of continuity and change—and also a message for Mikhail Gorbachev.

The continuity lies in the capacity of the Polish workers to rise above their immediate interests. This time the main actors have been the workers of Nowa Huta, the new steel town next to Krakow, the old capital. The striking steelworkers of Nowa Huta did not merely ask for more pay. They demanded the doubling of compensation, to match higher prices, for all those with less muscle, such as the old-age pensioners.

But the mood is less exhilarating than it was in Gdansk eight years ago. The workers know that higher wages in themselves mean little, that economic reform is indispensable and that nothing should be done to disturb the winds of change blowing from Moscow. This is why the spokesmen for Solidarity have been asking the authorities to negotiate only with the autonomous labor movement. Yet that is what Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, for all the progress he has made since the military coup, has thus far refused to do. Heedless of bankruptcy, the government is busily granting big wage increases to strikers all over the country. As the shipwrights of Gdansk joined the steelworkers of Nowa Huta, however, it was not certain whether this gamble would pay off.

The other crucial change is the absence of a bogyman in Moscow. Gorbachev, despite his sympathy for Jaruzelski, must be in favor of compromise. He is also aware that without the active participation of the workers, he too has no chance of breaking the passive resistance of the bureaucracy. Sending policemen against strikers, as Jaruzelski did in Nowa Huta on May 5, will not invalidate the Polish message—there can be no *perestroika* without the proletariat.

EXCHANGE: CLASS AND UNDERCLASS
William Julius Wilson
Martin Kilson
Adolph Reed Jr.

WHISTLING 'DIXIE' WITH SAM NUNN
Thomas Ferguson

THE CHILEAN MISSILE CAPER
Peter Kornbluh

DEEP ECOLOGY
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PARALLEL FICTIONS
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CASEY'S MAN IN BEIRUT

THE 'BURNING' OF WILLIAM BUCKLEY

MARK PERRY

When historians write the final chapter on the Iran/*contra* affair, they will probably center an important part of their story on the Reagan Administration's attempt to gain the release of the Central Intelligence Agency's kidnapped Beirut station chief, William Buckley. Buckley's seizure by Islamic fundamentalists in Beirut on March 16, 1984, has been relegated to a secondary episode in the sleazy story of arms-for-hostage dealings. However, his death at the hands of his torturers, reportedly in mid-1985, is beginning to take on added importance for Washington investigators.

The Buckley kidnapping ignited a round of furious activity inside the C.I.A., whose attempts to find the missing station chief included ordering high-resolution satellite photographs of Beirut and its environs and calling on former agency "helpers" in the region to search Beirut's Shiite neighborhoods. The U.S. government also dispatched a highly trained Army team of covert operations experts from the Intelligence Support Activity into the back streets of Beirut to dig up information on the missing counterterrorism expert [see Perry, "The I.S.A. Behind the N.S.C.," *The Nation*, January 17, 1987]. None of this worked, a fact that caused considerable consternation among agency officials, who had been confident the combination of technical and human intelligence assets could at least pick up a trace of Buckley. It was clear within a matter of weeks that extraordinary measures would have to be initiated to effect Buckley's return.

One such step was the agency's apparent approval of a trip by Theodore Shackley, former C.I.A. associate deputy director for operations,

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EXCHANGE.

'CURIOUS READING'

Chicago

An adequate response to Adolph Reed Jr.'s review of *The Truly Disadvantaged: The Inner City, the Underclass and Public Policy* [Feb. 6] would require considerable space. However, one of his distortions of my thesis can be addressed in a short letter.

Reed states that my "broad policy offensive based on universal employment and training programs open to the public" is supported by "a curious reading of American history, according to which the greatest strides in social reform have been made not through conflict and struggle but when liberals and conservatives find common ground." I most certainly did not make that statement. In my detailed criticism of the liberal-conservative coalition on "workfare," I quoted Richard Nathan, a strong exponent of "new-style workfare," who stated that "we make our greatest progress on social reform when liberals and conservatives find common ground." I strongly agree that this is a "curious reading of American history," and it is unfortunate that Reed erroneously, and with considerable fanfare, attributed that view to me.

William Julius Wilson

TRULY APOCALYPTIC

Cambridge, Mass.

It is only vaguely apparent that the book Adolph Reed Jr. reviewed in the February 6 *Nation* is William Wilson's *The Truly Disadvantaged*, so misleading is Reed's characterization of Wilson's analysis and argument. Although he does correctly identify Wilson as a "liberal technocrat"—an appellation I suspect Wilson wouldn't quibble with—by the end of the review Wilson's analysis and its policy implications have been so turned on their heads, so twisted out of shape, that Reed in effect labels Wilson a right-wing technocrat, an appellation Wilson would reject and so would I. In Reed's words, Wilson "cannot really free himself of the antidemocratic, Reaganite frame of reference."

How does Reed arrive at this distortion of Wilson's book? For a starter, Reed correctly says that for Wilson "the problem is not that there is anything inherently bad about female-headed households, but, because women earn less money than men, households headed by women are more likely than others to fall below the poverty line." So far, so good. Then, amazingly, Reed adds the following evaluative comment: "One might think that point would lead him to call for pay equity, universal day care and other initiatives to buttress women's capacities for living independently in the world, but Wilson goes in exactly the opposite direction."

But this is not so. For instance, in chapter seven Wilson observes:

> It would be ideal if problems of the ghetto underclass could be adequately addressed by the combination of macroeconomic policy, labor-market strategies, and manpower training programs. However, in the foreseeable future employment alone will not necessarily lift a family out of poverty. *Many families would still require income support and/or social services such as child care.* A program of welfare reform is needed, therefore. . . . Many western European countries have programs of family or child allowances to support families. These programs provide families with an annual benefit per child regardless of the family's income, and regardless of whether the parents are living together or whether either or both are employed. [Emphasis added.]

This formulation, hardly Reaganistic, is in no way in the "opposite direction" of policies favored by liberals and leftists.

Again, Reed claims that Wilson indulges in "reflexive antifeminism"—a claim based on Wilson's characterization of the crisis of female-headed households and teen-age pregnancy as social disorganization. But for Reed "the problem is not the social disorganization of the inner-city poor but Wilson's and others' distaste for . . . the institutional and organizational forms the inner-city poor, particularly women, have devised to survive." In this romanticizing of poor blacks' runaway rates of teen-age pregnancy, fratricidal violence, high crime rates, etc., Reed writes out of a curious apocalyptic leftism—one that posits the nonexistence of a valid normative societal mode from which to measure the life patterns of the poor, let alone to guide policies for reconstruction. One would have thought this antinormative perspective on the black poor was buried with that earlier set of apocalyptic leftists who surfaced as bourgeois black nationalists in the early 1970s. They pronounced, in books like Joyce Ladner's *Tomorrow's Tomorrow: The Black Woman* (1971), "progressive" advice to the black poor like the forging of strong black women through unwed motherhood. Reed doesn't appear to have caught up with the bourgeois black nationalists of the 1970s; Ladner is now, bless her soul, the grande dame of the anti-teen-age pregnancy movement in Washington, D.C., where unwed mothers produce 70 percent of black births.

Thus, for Reed the policy suggestions of Wilson and other progressives that teen-age pregnancy should be reduced, that public and private strategies are needed to get black males to assume responsibility (marital or otherwise) for families they create, are just so much "empty, moralistic ideology that seeks to stigmatize the poor and enforce patriarchal institutions." While apocalyptic leftists like Reed pretend to hold the key to some morality-neutral policy solution to the black poor's social disorganization, Wilson's *The Truly Disadvantaged* rightly hugs the path of progressive pragmatism.

Furthermore, Reed's contorted characterizations of Wilson's policy prescriptions are not borne out by the response of poor women to programs against teen-age pregnancy, for thousands on thousands of poor women seek out the public and private agencies that offer such programs. If Reed and other apocalyptic leftists want to be taken seriously at the political level—if they want to be more than romantic leftist gadflies—they have got to offer politically meaningful prescriptions for the massive social disorganization among poor blacks. But Reed doesn't see it this way. Ostrich-like toward the myriad crises among poor blacks—oblivious to the here-and-now policy needs of poor blacks—Reed calls for a "family policy [that] . . . should enable people to sustain whatever sorts of living arrangements they find most congenial."

Apart from the curious implication that women in female-headed households find their circumstances morally "congenial"—there are, in fact, data to the contrary—this is not a real-world policy prescription. It is, rather, a policy prescription for utopia. I'll take the sophisticated analysis and pragmatically progressive prescriptions in William Wilson's *The Truly Disadvantaged* any day.

Martin Kilson

REED REPLIES

New Haven, Conn.

The most telling characteristic of the responses of Professors Wilson and Kilson to my review of *The Truly Disadvantaged* is that neither challenges the main points of my criticism. Before addressing the issues that my two distinguished colleagues raise, therefore, I should rehearse the central points to which I can only assume that they assent. First, I noted that Wilson's view of the "underclass" is steeped in a retrograde conceptual apparatus—long visible in Chicago sociology—characterized by an anthropologically naïve, purely ideological language of social "deviance," "pathology" and "disorganization." Despite Wilson's desire to distance himself from "culture of poverty" theorists, the fact remains that he defines the underclass by its putative behavior, which he finds morally and strategically defective. This is not only a stance that contradicts his perfunctory observation that the behavior patterns that annoy him are rational adaptations to social isolation and lack of opportunity; it also waddles, quacks and lays eggs very much in the mode of culture-of-poverty theory, with all its implications of blaming the victim.

Second, I drew attention to the deeply patriarchal vision that undergirds Wilson's account. All but one of his indicators of underclass pathology are visible only in women; he lumps out-of-wedlock births and

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EDITORIALS.

Will It Fly?

After nearly three years of debate and maneuver, Congress has finally produced an omnibus trade bill, the most comprehensive Congressional initiative on trade since the early 1970s. The maiden voyage of this Spruce Goose of legislation—cobbled together by thousands of lobbyists, studded with special-interest exceptions and benefits for domestic oil producers, securities firms, construction companies, telecommunications conglomerates and patent-drug dealers and boasting a 1,000-page wingspan that stretches from enhanced powers for the International Trade Commission to stronger language on international worker rights—is likely to be its last. It will make it to the White House, be vetoed and come to rest. On, then, to the national campaign and a new President and Congress in January. About that time, the figures recording a monstrous trade deficit for 1988—now projected at $165 billion—should be rolling in.

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In the short term, perhaps, this scenario is to the good. The President's veto, triggered by the bill's exception-ridden requirement that firms employing more than 100 workers provide sixty-days' notice of plant closings, perfectly sums up the mean-spiritedness of his Administration. Considerably more notice is routine throughout the advanced industrial world, and there is evidence that it greatly eases the costs of economic transition for workers. The provision is *not* special-interest pleading by labor but an expression of its best impulses to help the unorganized, and thus carries little onus for politicians who fear association with unions. Notification does not increase public spending but manifestly increases the public good. And it is symbolic (this is the "camel's nose under the tent" that so alarms the Reaganites) of a range of sensible policy initiatives that might aim at managing our economy rather than letting it manage us. Indeed, it is hard to think of a better issue for the Democrats to hit hard at in the fall.

But what of the longer run? To what problem is this bill, or something like it in the future, a solution?

The apparent problem, of course, is the hefty trade deficits the United States has been running throughout this decade. These destroy American jobs at a rate of roughly 1 million for every $40 billion in deficits, and financing them has turned the United States into the world's biggest debtor nation. By the end of this year, we should be about $600 billion in debt, and by the very early 1990s, about $1 trillion. Merely servicing such a debt will cost about 2 percent of our G.N.P., promising stagnation for an economy that has barely exceeded 2 percent growth for the past decade and increasing the threat that America's foreign creditors will exert considerable control over our affairs. Even if foreign lenders have "nowhere else to go," the usual argument against fears of a devastating cutback in credit, they will have leverage. The history of Western bank and International Monetary Fund dealings with Third World debtors is instructive on how that leverage might be exercised.

As the U.S. economy rots, however, at least some American firms are doing just fine. U.S. multinationals, whose exports back home from low-wage havens abroad account for at least a quarter of the current trade deficit, have held onto their share of world production. Relentless downsizing and wage-cutting have done wonders for domestic business profits. And with tougher bilateral bargaining in specific sectors of the kind called for in the trade bill, all sorts of firms thus far excluded from foreign markets will have increased power to pry them open, or else get protected treatment.

The bill's language on plant closings, worker rights and a $1 billion program of adjustment assistance and retraining is also welcome. And the language of "managed trade," however vague, is preferable to ceaseless nattering about the theory of comparative advantage. But what is needed to bring U.S. accounts in balance without reducing the living standards of ordinary Americans are sweeping programs of investment at home, in human capital and infrastructure, coupled with a massive infusion of demand into a sagging world economy. Without that, aggressive export promotion will just amount to the export of aggression, as countries bombard one another with products within a shrinking world market and as U.S. living standards decline. Spruce Goose gives faint evidence of moving on these problems.

Borked After All

More than a hundred years ago, the United States ended slavery and made a promise of equality and justice to black Americans. The recent decision by the Supreme Court to reconsider *Runyon v. McCrary*, a 1976 civil rights ruling, may further delay the realization of that pledge.

Immediately after the Civil War, Congress recognized the need to enact economic, military and legal protections of the newly won freedom for blacks. As part of the effort to eradicate the "badges and incidents" of slavery pursuant to the Thirteenth Amendment, the radical Republicans adopted legislation prohibiting both public and private racial discrimination. One provision, now codified as Section 1981 of Title 42 of the U.S. Code, prohibits discrimination in the making and enforcement of private contracts.

Reconstruction was betrayed by the Hayes-Tilden compromise of 1876, which resulted in the withdrawal of Federal troops from the South and the legal demise of nineteenth-century civil rights statutes. These laws lay dormant for almost a hundred years, only to be resurrected in response to the civil rights movement, which also demanded more contemporary legislation.

Since Section 1981 and Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act are not coextensive in their coverage, the older law remains an important—and in some cases, stronger—tool for black workers fighting employment discrimination. It contains fewer procedural requirements than Title VII, covers smaller companies and provides compensatory and punitive damages in addition to the lost wages available under Title VII.

Until recently, Federal courts had assumed that racial harassment in the workplace was prohibited by Section 1981. But in 1986, in *Patterson v. McClean Credit Union*, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit exempted such conduct from Section 1981 coverage. This decision was appealed to the Supreme Court. Although the parties to the case had not challenged *Runyon v. McCrary*, which held that Section 1981 prohibited private racial discrimination, the Court, on its own initiative, requested reargument on whether the earlier decision should be overruled. The Court's call to reconsider has ominous implications.

Although the five-Justice majority emphatically stated that their action did not represent an intention to overrule *Runyon*, it is difficult to decipher any other meaning in it. But regardless of the Court's ultimate decision, the damage to civil rights may already have been done. As Justice John Paul Stevens stated in his dissent, "To recognize an equality right . . . and then to declare unceremoniously that perhaps we were wrong and had better reconsider our prior judgment, is to replace what is ideally a sense of guar-

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anteed right with the uneasiness of unsecured privilege."

This reargument request is also disturbing because it is one of the first civil rights cases to come before the Court after Justice Anthony Kennedy's appointment. Kennedy presented himself as a "moderate conservative" at his Senate confirmation hearings, in contrast to Judge Robert Bork. One of the fears about nominee Bork had been that he would not respect precedent and might reverse firmly established legal protections for women, minorities, workers, the disabled and others. (Ironically, as Solicitor General, Bork filed a brief for the black plaintiffs in the *Runyon* case.) Kennedy's lower public profile allayed fears, yet may have resulted in the progressive movement being "out-Borked."

Kennedy's eagerness to reconsider *Runyon* puts his claim to be a moderate conservative into question and suggests a willingness to reverse other decisions, such as those on abortion, in the future. The conservative cause may have finally acquired its needed fifth vote, and a new era of conservative judicial activism may be on the horizon. The Court's decision is part of the Reagan Administration's implementation of its anti-civil rights policies, a 1980s version of the 1876 betrayal of the promise of equality.

The reversal of *Runyon* would pave the way for the return of private racial discrimination in employment, housing and education. Progressives should let the Court, the Congress and the President know that this second betrayal of the Constitution's promise of equality will not go unchallenged.

BARBARA M. WOLVOVITZ

Barbara M. Wolvovitz is an attorney and member of the National Lawyers Guild.

Whistling 'Dixie'

In the early spring of 1983, as John Glenn kicked off his campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination, "Dixie" was the number-one tune on the hit parade of American political commentary. In the South, ran the catchy refrain, Glenn would be invincible. Incarnating the region's characteristic ideals of fiscal austerity, morality and a bristling defense, the Ohio Senator with the Eisenhower-like smile would win back moderate white "swing" voters who had been put off by the donkey's leftward meanderings since the 1960s. As often happens in the world of popular songs, however, reality proved refractory. Despite the lavish P.R. campaign, the former astronaut's campaign failed to get off the launching pad. Soon the only feature about it even vaguely reminiscent of the South was that it was gone with the wind.

During the media buildup to the 1986 Congressional elections, a strikingly similar tune caught on. For months, the media ran riot with speculation that a dramatic realignment of American politics impended. The general picture painted was a sort of political Merrill Lynch ad, with Southern white voters on the verge of a headlong stampede to the G.O.P. Many analysts also identified the Democrats' lingering identification with the New Deal as a leading cause of this stampede and hinted broadly that the party's liberal legacy would have to be jettisoned if it were to have any hopes in the future. On election night, of course, the Democrats won back control of the Senate, riding a wave of liberal victories that stretched from Georgia to the Dakotas.

Unfazed by their experience, media commentators again focus overwhelmingly on the South as the happy hunting ground of right-wing Democratic politics as the 1988 presidential election approaches. This time the siren song induced Tennessee Senator Albert Gore Jr. to repudiate the glittering New Deal past of his famous father and run as an avowed hawk in the Glenn mold.

Once again, however, the electorate has refused to go for it. Despite intense support for Gore from many local political machines and his decision to concentrate almost exclusively on the South, polls taken just before Super Tuesday suggested that Gore was in danger of finishing fourth. The Senator did not stand on principle. Born again as a populist, in the nick of time, he garnered barely more than a third of the total vote on Super Tuesday, virtually tied with a black man and a New England ethnic.

One might think that in politics, as in baseball, three strikes means you're out. Yet no sooner did the Gore campaign stagger to its ignominious end in the New York Democratic primary than the same old Dixieland jazz once again started blaring over the airwaves. Now the chorus is serenading Georgia Senator Sam Nunn. The words and the music—all the talk of swing voters and conservatism, the need for reassurance on foreign policy and defense—are precisely the same. As will be the outcome if the Dukakis camp is silly enough to fall for this Southern-fried foolishness.

It is true that the South remains a bit more conservative than the rest of the United States in religious conviction, morals and some "social" attitudes. In polls with statistical margins of error of from three to five percentage points, about 9 percent more Southerners than other Americans tell interviewers that religion is "very important" in their lives; about 17 percent more describe themselves as "evangelicals" or "born again"; while about 16 percent fewer approve of premarital sex. How much of a difference all this will make to the 1988 presidential campaign is debatable. Were Dukakis to run as an atheist or an advocate of free love, it might make a great deal of difference. Otherwise, it probably won't. (Opinion on abortion in the South differs only modestly from that in the rest of the country.) Though it surprises many people, it is a fact that until he became vulnerable on what might be termed the Seventh Commandment issue, Gary Hart was taking the largest share of the evangelical vote in the South—far more than Gore and, it appears, much more than Robertson.

To see how shallow the roots of this latest Dixieland revival really are, it is instructive to examine the distribution of opinions on the workaday political questions that usually fill presidential polls. Here one discovers that South/non-South differences usually don't exist. When they do, they

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

All across the District of Columbia, in these waning days of the most corrupt and brainless Administration in not-so-recent history, you may find members of the Third Generation. This is the self-designation of a group of young people, too tender in years to remember the Goldwater campaign or the Vietnam War, who came to Washington in the footsteps of Ronald Reagan. They populate the better-heeled right-wing think tanks and the Congressional offices of men like Jim Courter and Henry Hyde. They show up for Heritage Foundation lunches and "Ollie North: American Hero" soirees. Some of them, like Gregory Fossedal, have made themselves a name in boondoggle campaigns like S.D.I., all the while declaiming against the gross public sector. Others provide a sycophantic audience to laugh at the daring of R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. when he uses the word "fuliginous" in *The American Spectator* to describe the country's largest minority.

Although this group has made a rapid transition from college days to full inclusion in the reigning establishment—moving, in fact, from one to the other in a single stride—it still cherishes a mythology of rebellion. In this regard, it has made *The Dartmouth Review* a kind of flagship cause. *The Review* rather favors the F.B.I., the C.I.A. and the "Support Your Local Police" view of things, but it doesn't hesitate to compare its campus troubles to the brave days of the 1960s. One of its editors, Benjamin Hart, even wrote a likable book titled *Poisoned Ivy*, which strained this analogy to breaking point. William Buckley, author of *God and Man at Yale*, contributed an introduction in which he made the safe prediction that the book would be likened to *God and Man at Yale*. Among Buckley's veteran colleagues at *National Review* is Jeffrey Hart, professor of English at Dartmouth and the father of the author of *Poisoned Ivy*.

The magazine made a fair living by trading on two elements in the Dartmouth world: the existence of rich alumni who resented the changes brought about by affirmative action and who yearned for the happier certainties of the white gentleman's finishing school; and an administration that could be relied upon to take any bait, however flashy and contrived. Some average bits of *épater* journalism got a better than average rise out of the dean. But not everyone shared *The Review*'s definition of a prank. Even Jack Kemp withdrew as a sponsor after it published an unfunny parody of "black English." And the sledgehammer wielded against the antiapartheid shanties clearly lacked the rapier touch. Then, in February, the editors went too far.

Having published an article that was highly critical of the lecturing style of William Cole, a black professor of music, four of them badgered him in his classroom to try to get, and to tape, his response. The ensuing furor led to disciplinary proceedings against *The Review*'s editors, a rather grave address about "intolerance" from college president James Freedman and yelps about free speech from the right wing across the country, including from Professor Hart in the May 13 issue of *National Review*.

I think I know where *The Review* crowd got the idea for putting a conspicuous professor in an embarrassing position. In December 1978 a student named Heather Wilson wrote to James Heffernan, chair of the English department, saying:

> This past fall I was enrolled in English 28, taught by Prof. Jeffrey Hart. I am ashamed to find a course so poorly taught at Dartmouth, a school which prides itself on its academic superiority.
>
> The reading list for Prof. Hart's course was excellent, but unfortunately, his lectures seldom dealt with the literature of the 1920s. Frequently much class time was devoted to the biographies of the authors, and almost as often, the great sports figures of the era. I did not enroll in this course to learn Babe Ruth's batting average. Attending class not only wasted my time; it offended me as well. Many of Prof. Hart's anecdotes were inexcusably tasteless.

The letter was shown to Hart, who responded:

> Dear Miss Wilson:
>
> Professor Heffernan has forwarded to me your letter of December 13.
>
> It contains several statements of alleged fact which are easily demonstrable as lies. I can produce numerous witnesses as well as other evidence proving these statements to be lies.
>
> I plan to refer this matter to the CCSC for appropriate action.
>
> I am also considering calling your letter to the attention of my attorney with a view to charges of defamation.
>
> If you can think of any reason why I should not proceed, please communicate it to me during my office hours.

Professor Hart is a patron and mentor of *The Dartmouth Review*. How witty of the young rightists to have borrowed, from his direct experience, the most infallible method of irritating and provoking a professor. Wilson made numerous attempts, in exchanges with deans, professors and an increasingly threatening Hart, to say that her letter was a mere expression of "opinion." Professor Hart, despite faculty advice to the contrary, was having none of it.

Much of the rhetorical garbage of the Reagan period has consisted of stealing and inverting certain radical phrases. The old fool's election was widely described as "a revolution." His mercenaries in the Third World were baptized "freedom fighters." There was much windy talk of a confrontation with the "left establishment," whatever that might be. *The Dartmouth Review* and its emulators, well-funded and protected by rich foundations usually chaired by Irving Kristol, tried to give the impression of "guerrilla journalism" and a new Free Speech Movement. Now that the revolution has been exposed as a credit-card fraud, and the freedom fighters as state-sponsored killers and narcotics smugglers, it is satisfying to add that *The Dartmouth Review* is a direct descendant of the most traditional campus conservatism.

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ARTICLES.

THE COMPANY WE KEPT

The Chilean Missile Caper

PETER KORNBLUH

In December 1984, less than two months after the U.S. Congress banned all official assistance to the Nicaraguan *contras*, Lieut. Col. Oliver North dispatched the head of the Nicaraguan Democratic Force (F.D.N.), Adolfo Calero, to an unlikely destination for a "freedom fighter"—Chile. His mission: to obtain from Gen. Augusto Pinochet's military regime British-made surface-to-air missiles for the counterrevolution.

The Chilean connection is an untold but revealing episode in the Reagan Administration's illicit *contra* aid effort. Now, with the release of new documents by the Congressional select committees and supplemental interviews that confirm the content of deleted passages, the story of how the White House turned to Chile as an ally in the *contra* war can be pieced together.

Chile's role grew out of North's obsessive quest to provide the *contras* with the military capability to counter the Sandinistas' sophisticated Soviet-built Hind helicopters. Obtained by Nicaragua in November 1984, these were the most effective counterinsurgency weapon in the Sandinista arsenal. "The F.D.N. is in urgent need of antiaircraft weapons," North informed his superior, national security adviser Robert McFarlane, in a memorandum dated December 4, 1984.

In the same memo North told McFarlane that he had contracted with a former officer in the British Special Air Services, David Walker, "for certain special operations expertise aimed particularly at destroying HIND helicopters" [see Kornbluh, "What North Might Have Wrought," June 27, 1987]. At a meeting on the weekend of December 1, Walker—whom the London tabloids dubbed "Britain's Colonel North"—suggested that "the helicopters are more easily destroyed on the ground than in the air." If that proved a mission impossible, however, Walker proposed that the *contras* obtain the British Blowpipe shoulder-held surface-to-air missile to shoot down the Hinds.

It was Walker who told North that the Chileans possessed Blowpipe missiles. In a "Top Secret" memo to McFarlane dated December 20, North wrote that Walker had "informed [me] that BLOWPIPE surface-to-air missiles may be available in Chile for use by F.D.N. in dealing with the HIND helicopters. This information was passed through an appropriate secure and source protected means to Adolfo Calero who proceeded immediately to Santiago."

Entries in North's notebooks indicate that Calero and his delegation were in Chile between December 7 and 17. The identity of their Chilean hosts remains unknown, although they were clearly people of high authority. On December 17, North recorded the following phone conversation:

> Call from Barnaby [Calero's code name]—Returned from Chile—48 Blowpipes, free—8 launchers, 25 K ea.—Have to inform Brits—8-10 pers[ons] for training, starts 2 Jan—Will have to buy some items from Chileans which are somewhat more expensive—Deliver by sea w/trainers by end of Jan.

The Chileans, as North advised McFarlane, had offered the missiles and training "for up to ten three-man teams from the FDN on a no-cost basis." Calero, North added, "will dispatch the trainees to Chile on December 23."

There was one complication, however. In his December 20 memo, titled "Follow-up with Thatcher re: Terrorism and Central America," North noted that the Chileans had said "they would need to obtain British permission for the transfer" of the Blowpipes.

North's solution was to present McFarlane with a draft memorandum for the President that "brings these issues to his attention and asks that he discuss the matter of the Nicaraguan resistance very privately with Margaret Thatcher." The President's involvement was warranted, North argued. "This may be the best opportunity we have to obtain such support for the resistance. Given recent actions in Nicaragua, we may not have another chance if we wait."

In testimony before the Iran/*contra* committees, McFarlane denied that he had ever asked "the President to intercede with any person for the obtaining of Blowpipes for the *contras*." Nevertheless, sources say, the committees failed to pursue the possibility that Reagan had become personally involved in facilitating aid for the *contras* from Chile, as he did from Saudi Arabia, when it was illegal to do so.

The draft memorandum from McFarlane to the President, according to U.S. officials familiar with its contents, reflected North's admiration for the British system of government, which allows the Prime Minister to authorize a wide variety of operations without consulting Parliament. The memo explained to Reagan the Chilean offer and the need to obtain a license from the British government for the resale of the Blowpipes to the *contras*. "On the matter of supporting the Nicaraguan resistance," the memo concluded, "we should very privately express approbation for anything Thatcher is willing to do in support of their cause."

This first initiative to get missiles from Chile quickly fell through, however. On January 3, 1985, according to North's notebook entry for that day, Calero informed him that while Chilean land mines and hand grenades were "competitively priced," ammunition and mortar rounds that the Pinochet regime wanted to include in the deal were "too expensive." Therefore, the "Blow-Pipe deal is off."

In 1985, North's "Enterprise" attempted to purchase

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surface-to-air missiles from China, and the *contras* considered acquiring General Dynamics-made Redeye missiles in the United States. Nevertheless, documents released by the Iran/*contra* committees show that North did not abandon hopes of procuring Blowpipes through Chile. When retired Maj. Gen. John Singlaub put together a deal to acquire Soviet SA-7 missiles in Poland in June 1985, North vetoed it in favor of a fresh attempt to obtain the British-made Blowpipe. As Rob Owen, North's liaison with the *contras*, testified last May, "The decision was made not to purchase [the SA-7s] because of the cost and also the hope that they would be able to get the Blowpipe."

Indeed, North and his domestic fund-raisers—Carl (Spitz) Channell of the National Endowment for the Preservation of Liberty (N.E.P.L.) and Richard Miller of International Business Communications—devoted considerable time and effort to fund-raising for the missiles. In November 1985 the three men asked a wealthy Connecticut woman, Barbara Newington, who was one of N.E.P.L.'s largest donors, for missile money. Similarly, in March 1986, North approached New York City businessman William O'Boyle at a N.E.P.L. fund-raising meeting. The cost of the Blowpipes was $20,000 each, O'Boyle was told. "One option that I had," he said in his Iran/*contra* deposition, "was to give $200,000 to buy a ten-pack of Blowpipe missiles."

But the problem for the Administration was less of payment than of procurement. Encrypted cables and computer messages between North, McFarlane and Rear Adm. John Poindexter show that throughout the spring of 1986, N.S.C. officials and retired Maj. Gen. Richard Secord, Thomas Clines, Rafael (Chi Chi) Quintero and Felix Rodriguez collaborated in a fresh effort to obtain a British re-export license for Chile for a "quick transfer of 6-10 BP." The elaborate scheme called for the Enterprise to enlist officials of Short Brothers, the Belfast-based manufacturer of the Blowpipe missile, to facilitate the transfer of the weapons from Chile to the *contras*. "[R]equest you return Mr. [Richard] Synott's [*sic*] call to you," Secord cabled North on March 6. "He is Short Bros rep in Washington. . . . If possible, we need to tell them that U.S. supports transfer of small number of BPS to contras."

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

The plan also demanded a false end-user certificate—a document in which the purchaser states that weapons will not be resold or re-exported. In early April, Quintero, Secord's man in Central America, cabled Rodriguez in El Salvador that the Enterprise would require "a local end-user certificate to acquire the blow-pipes." Quintero directed Rodriguez to obtain the document, most probably from El Salvador, and address it to the Enterprise's front corporation in Panama, Lake Resources. Rodriguez testified last May that he secured the certificate from "our friends" and gave it to North and Secord at an April 20 meeting in El Salvador.

Still, final closure of the deal eluded the Reagan Administration. "[W]e are trying to find a way to get 10 BLOWPIPE launchers and 20 missiles from Chile thru the Short Bros. Rep," North reported to McFarlane over closed computer lines on March 26, adding:

> The V.P. from Short Bros. sought me out several mos. ago and I met w/ him again. . . . Short Bros., the mfgr. of the BLOWPIPE, is willing to arrange the deal, conduct the training and even send U.K. 'tech. reps' fwd if we can close the arrangement. Dick Secord has already paid 10% down on the delivery and we have a [country deleted] EUC [end-user certificate] which is acceptable to Chile.

"Unfortunately," North continued, "the week all this was going to closure we decided to go fwd [deleted]." (What North referred to here could not be learned. But it may have been the State Department's decision, two weeks earlier, to vote for the first time to condemn Chile at the United Nations for human rights violations. The vote caused a political uproar in Santiago.) "The arrangement is now on ice," North told McFarlane, "and we are casting about for a way to tell the Chileans that we wd be pleased if this all went thru." In reply, McFarlane modemed back: "I've been thinking about the blowpipe problem and the Contras. Could you ask the CIA to identify which countries the Brits have sold them to. I ought to have a contact in at least one of them."

Through June of 1986, North and Co. continued their efforts in Europe and South America to obtain the Blowpipe. On April 28, Secord cabled North that "Tom [Clines] is in London now trying . . . to complete BP deal." An obscure entry in Secord's handwritten account ledger under "Current Obligations" for May reads "BP $1,000,000 Chile," suggesting that a substantial payment may have been made on the Blowpipe deal. And in June, North sent a computer memo to Poindexter stating, "We should look to going back to a head of an allied government on the blowpipes if we are going to do anything at all about outside support [for the *contras*] in the next few days and I wd love to carry the letter from RR."

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Whether or not North ever carried such a letter is one of the many significant questions the Iran/*contra* committees failed to answer. Indeed, the final outcome of the deal remains a mystery. Calero was never asked about his trip to Chile when he testified before the committees. And when North was questioned by Representative Thomas Foley about David Walker, he responded, "I don't feel particularly comfortable discussing it in open session. I think there are equities that belong to other governments that are at stake here."

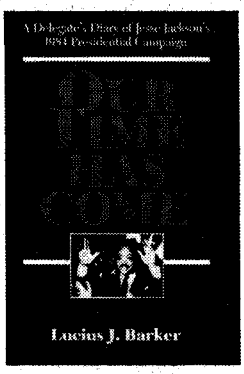
Felix Rodriguez testified during the hearings that he was told the deal had died because "they couldn't get any agreement with the South American country who had the unit." But sources familiar with the correspondence between Britain and the United States suggest that the Thatcher government declined to issue a re-export license to Chile for the Blowpipes for fear of the political explosion that might follow any revelation of it.

Even after Congress passed $100 million in aid for the *contras* in June 1986, U.S. efforts to obtain the Blowpipes from Britain and other arms from Chile did not end. As an outgrowth of North's efforts, the *Los Angeles Times* reported on February 28, 1987, the Thatcher government authorized the sale of at least 150 Blowpipes and thirty launchers—not to the *contras* or Chile but directly to the Central Intelligence Agency. "We have the basic approval of the British government," one source told the *Times*. "It's up to the Agency to approve it now."

During the deposition of Richard Peña, a U.S. government-relations consultant, a number of telexes between Washington and Santiago were introduced as evidence. They show that in the fall of 1986 another tentative deal was in the works, this one to buy weapons from Industrias Cardoen, Chile's largest private arms manufacturer. Peña, a would-be arms merchant, proposed the deal. At a *contra* victory party soon after the House of Representatives had capitulated to the Administration's request for new funds, he told Richard Miller that the "military aid would go very quickly . . . if it was purchased at U.S. military rates, and that there were other suppliers who could supply the same type of equipment that was needed for much less." When Miller asked him to "follow up," Peña contacted Luis Sommers, Cardoen's international marketing manager.

On July 14, Sommers telexed Peña with instructions to "try to put some of our products within the $100 million . . . for the anti-Sandinista group." In mid-August, Peña gave a price list of Cardoen weapons to F.D.N. chieftain Adolfo Calero and to Miller, who told Peña "that he would talk to the right people in the Administration." In his recently released deposition, Miller admitted receiving the list and giving it to Oliver North, who said "that he would pass it along."

Like the Blowpipe deal, this initiative never came to fruition; in November 1986 the Iran/*contra* diversion was exposed and North was fired. But the fact that the Reagan Administration should ally itself with Pinochet's military dictatorship—as it did with the apartheid regime in South Africa—indicates the depths to which it was prepared to stoop in its bloodletting against the Sandinistas. □



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THE CUTTING EDGE

Deep Ecology And Its Critics

KIRKPATRICK SALE

For me, the first indication that there was a concerted campaign afoot came at the Socialist Scholars Conference a year ago, where I appeared on a panel with Murray Bookchin, the author and co-founder of the Institute for Social Ecology, to discuss "The Politics of Ecology." Bookchin gave one of his elegant, impassioned, learned presentations, but I was surprised that it had a harsh edge to it of sourness and rancor—directed, it became clear, against those who might hold to any of the tenets of deep ecology, particularly the ideas embraced in the term "biocentrism." Deep ecology, it seemed, was a part of the broad ecological movement in America that was wrongheaded and dangerous, diverting attention from the serious tasks of eliminating capitalism and restructuring class society, and was in some way a threat to the reasonable, right-minded form of ecological truth—whose name was, so I gathered, social ecology.

Until that moment, I sincerely and naïvely thought that Bookchin and I were on the same wavelength (indeed, friends), that there was really only one great big ecology movement and that we shared an essentially similar position on the environmental destruction of the earth. But I suddenly realized that, in Bookchin's mind anyway, there was a battle going on within this movement and that the *social* ecologists were determined to distance themselves from—and argue their work superior to—all *other* sorts of ecologists. Not only that, but from the tone of his remarks (which was echoed by a colleague he had installed on the panel, Ynestra King, also from the Institute for Social Ecology) it seemed clear that they were actually out to destroy the influence of those thinkers and activists they found distasteful: the deep ecologists, in particular, but also members of the Earth First! and bioregional movements, who might have similar ideas, and those they regarded as in the "spiritual" wing of the American Green and ecofeminist movements. The awful, acrid smell of righteous factionalism was in the air.

Next came a broadside presented by Bookchin to the national Green gathering in Amherst, Massachusetts, last July, a paper starkly and forthrightly called "Social Ecology Versus 'Deep Ecology.'" In extraordinary language that was, I understand, shocking to and totally unexpected by most of the participants, Bookchin laid into those who fell short of the social ecology ideal, attacking the deep ecologists in particular with a vengeance—literally—that I don't think has been equaled in political disputes since the 1930s. "They are barely disguised racists, survivalists, macho Daniel Boones and outright social reactionaries," Bookchin said, who offer "a vague, formless, often self-contradictory and invertebrate [*sic*] thing called 'deep ecology'" and a "kind of crude eco-brutalism" similar to Hitler's. Deep ecologists "feed on human disasters, suffering and misery, preferably to Third World countries"; their ideas are "a bottomless pit . . . an ideological toxic dump"; they are guilty of "a sinister function [that] legitimates extremely regressive, primitivistic and even highly reactionary notions." And so on and on, twenty-three pages of it.

Thereafter, the arrows from the social ecology quiver fairly flew. A special issue of the *Fifth Estate*, a Detroit-based alternative newspaper, featured a twenty-eight-page article, "How Deep Is Deep Ecology?"; a widely circulated, photocopied manuscript purporting to discredit Earth First!, the radical environmental group whose members have largely identified with deep ecology in the last few years arrived in the mail; the December 1987 *Utne Reader* gave somewhat scandalized prominence to an *Earth First!* article that spoke favorably of AIDS as, in effect, a welcome and necessary control on human global population; a lengthy, heated letter from Ynestra King was printed in *The Nation* [December 12, 1987], attacking deep ecology as "a philosophy utterly bereft of compassion for human beings, with no analysis of U.S. imperialism" (she followed that with a column in *Zeta* saying that "the sooner the [American] greens are rid of deep ecology the better"); and the winter issue of *Kick It Over*, a Toronto quarterly, carried a special double-barreled section attacking deep ecology, one salvo from a Bookchinite ecofeminist, who charged that it requires "that women remain egoless, unformed, and supine," the other a reprint of Bookchin's July blast.

Quite a parade. And, however much light, obviously a lot of heat.

So, now let us ask: What is this deep ecology, and why does it arouse so much passion?

Deep ecology is a perspective—a "philosophy," some call it, others prefer simply movement—that stems from the work of Arne Naess, a Norwegian academic philosopher, done in the early 1970s. He used the term "deep" to distinguish his sense of a probing, questioning, challenging kind of ecology from the more conventional, apolitical kind, drawing a line between the biocentric vision of deep ecology (which regards the human strictly as an equal participant in the biosphere) and the anthropocentric stance of most professional ecologists and environmentalists (by which the human species, regarding itself as superior, deems all other species and resources as there for its use and enhancement). Shallow ecology, Naess said, the kind found in the universities, "does not ask what kind of a society would be the best for maintaining a particular ecosystem—that is considered a question for value theory, for politics, for ethics." In short, for deep ecologists.

After nearly a decade of writing, Naess joined with George Sessions, professor of philosophy at California's Si-

This article is part of a continuing series on new trends and ideas in nontraditional politics.

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erra College, to develop a set of fundamental propositions for deep ecology. These basic principles, first published in 1984, contain what there is of a platform for the movement. In summary, they stress three points:

First, all life, human and nonhuman, has value in itself, independent of human purposes, and humans have no right to reduce its richness and diversity except for *vital* needs.

Second, humans at present are far too numerous and intrusive with respect to other life forms and the living earth, with disastrous consequences for all, and must achieve a "substantial decrease" in population to permit the flourishing of both human and nonhuman life.

Third, to achieve this requisite balance, significant changes in human economic, technical and ideological structures must be made, stressing not bigness, growth and higher standards of living but sustainable societies emphasizing the (nonmaterial) quality of life.

From these original basic ideas, deep ecologists have articulated a series of other key concepts in the last few years, around which general agreement seems to have developed:

The primacy of wilderness. Wilderness has a special value of its own, not only as a place where humans may understand "the intuitions of organic wholeness" (as Sessions and his colleague Bill Devall have put it), an essential and long-neglected need for true psychological health, but also where the intricate panoply of other species may "live and blossom for themselves," unhindered and apart. In the words of *Earth First!* editor Dave Foreman, "Wilderness is the real world [and] preservation of wildness and native diversity is the most important issue."

A sense of place. Basic to human well-being is rootedness, a sense of knowing a particular stretch of earth, experiencing a home. One seeks to find, and learn to live in, a particular place and to let it be, as ecologist Paul Shepard has said of the Australian aborigine, "the archive where the individual moves simultaneously through his personal and tribal past, renewing contact with crucial points, a journey into time and space refreshing the meaning of his own being."

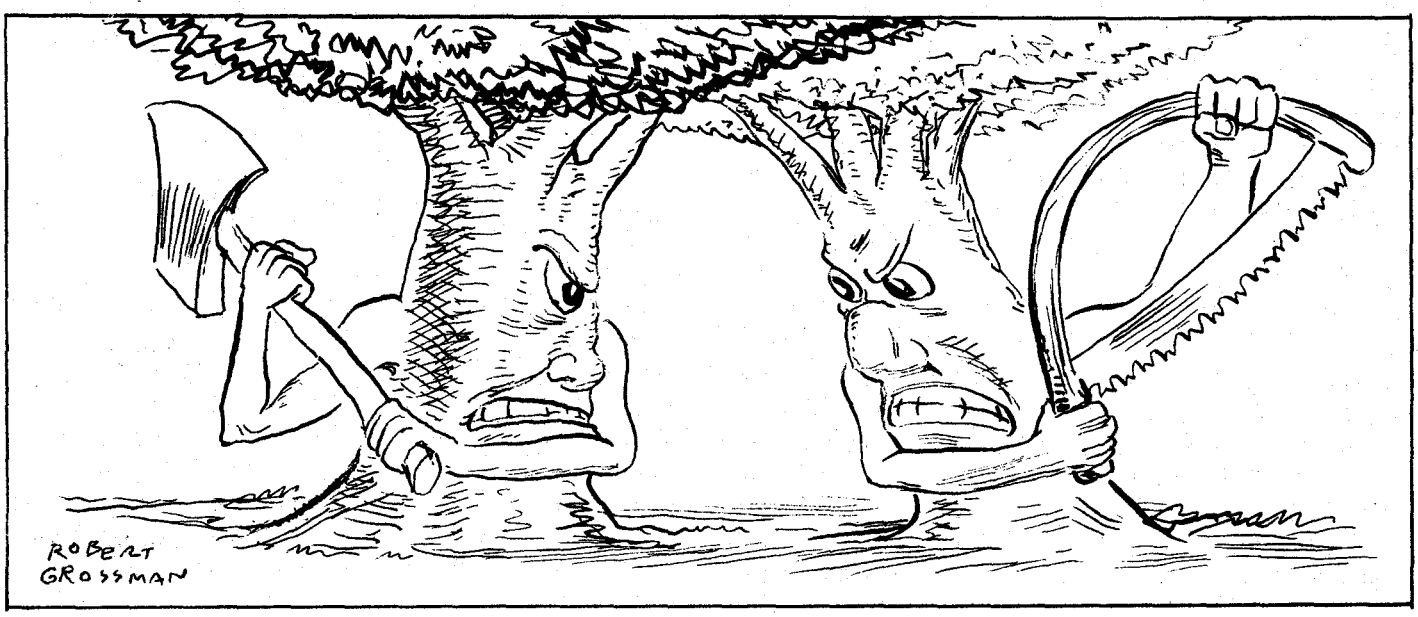
Opposition to industrial society. The very basis of industrial civilization, in both its state-capitalist and corporate-capitalist forms, is the separation from and exploitation of the natural world. Deep ecology therefore opposes the industrial system and the myths of progress and technological dominance that drive it, and offers itself, as scholar and Earth First! member Christopher Manes says, "as an alternative to the whole of Technological Culture, exposing its irrationality within the larger context of Earth's natural cycles."

Opposition to stewardship. The trouble with the supposedly benign idea of the "wise stewardship" of nature is that it implies human decision-making, human intervention, human use and control—as in the root sense of the word, *sty-warden*, the master of the pigsty. As Sessions has said, "It still views the world as a collection of natural resources primarily for human use."

Identification with primal peoples. In general, it is in the traditions of the nature-based peoples of the world—the "primal" peoples such as the American Indians and other representatives of the paleolithic tradition—that teachings and models for ecological consciousness are to be found. As historian J. Donald Hughes puts it, "The American Indians' cultural patterns, based on careful hunting and agriculture carried on according to spiritual perceptions of nature, actually preserved the earth and life on the earth."

Spirituality. Rationality has its place, but part of one's understanding of nature may also come from intuition, emotion, experience and a spiritual connection with the nonhuman world. Arne Naess has written: "Most people in deep ecology have had the feeling—usually, but not always, in nature—that they are connected with something greater than their ego. . . . Insofar as these deep feelings are religious, deep ecology has a religious component . . . fundamental intuitions that everyone must cultivate if he or she is to have a life based on values and not function like a computer."

Self-realization. The true realization of the individual self is in a close and unfolding identification, spiritual and intellectual, with the larger biotic "self"; the more diverse and complex the larger one, the richer and more developed the



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smaller one. As Naess has put it, "The self-realization we experience when we identify with the universe is heightened by an increase in the number of ways in which individuals, societies, and even species and life forms realize themselves."

Now those hardly sound like the elements of fascism, do they?

By listing such a set of general concepts, I don't mean to suggest that there is any absolute agreement among people who call themselves deep ecologists, or that all of them formulate their beliefs exactly this way. There is no oath-taking, no litmus-testing, in this any more than in any other such movement—people differ, as do interpretations and emphases and slogans. Nevertheless, after a decade of fairly extensive work, I think one can determine at least the outlines of a deep ecology perspective and see the beginnings of a real movement [see box, page 674].

Now, it is easy enough to see why all of this might be upsetting to those in the political mainstream and to traditional socialists as much as diehard capitalists. Taken in the broad, it represents a fundamental challenge not only to the typical American technological way of life but to much of what constitutes Western civilization itself.

It does seem surprising, though, that these positions would have so alarmed other parts of the ecological world that there should suddenly be an outpouring against it. I must say I am at a loss to explain it adequately. It can't really be a battle over turf, since there's obviously plenty of room for all kinds of viewpoints here, or over power, since so far there is none. And of course, there is a great danger that this sort of a frontal attack is far more likely to lead to enervating and fractious bickering and backbiting of the kinds that destroy social movements than it is to a thoughtful, accommodative synthesis and a restrengthened movement. To me it is not only all very sad but bewildering. But, in the spirit of accommodation rather than confrontation, and in the hope that the fissures can be bridged rather than broadened, let me discuss what I see as the three major issues the critics of deep ecology have raised.

The first and probably most fundamental charge is that deep ecology has no explicit "social" analysis—that is, it does not adequately talk about matters of class, race, injustice, capitalism, imperialism and the like, and instead tends to regard humans collectively and hence tar the whole species for environmental degradations with a brush that would be more appropriately aimed at specific social institutions and systems. Bookchin sees it as preaching "a gospel of a kind of 'original sin' that accurses a vague species called 'Humanity'—as though people of color are equatable with whites, women with men, the Third World with the First, the poor with the rich, the exploited with their exploiters."

I think it is true that most deep ecologists *have* tended to see humans as a species, since that is, after all, the ecological way to regard this particular large mammal of *Homo* genus, and I think that this has largely been useful: useful to help see, in planetary terms, overriding nation and culture and ideology, the large consequences of a triumphant, exploitative species enjoying a population boom and technological prowess. From this larger perspective, it does not really matter what the petty political and social arrangements are that have led to our ecological crisis, or even what dire consequences those arrangements have had for certain individuals, types, nations or races. What matters is to understand the total effect of this crisis on the living earth and our fellow species, and the peril we have brought to them. This perspective does not deny the awful character of industrial society or its inherent destructiveness (to humans as well as nature); it says, rather, that the path to fundamental restructuring best comes about through the development of a new and profound ecological consciousness, which itself can only come about through, in philosopher Thomas Berry's words, "the reinvention of the human at the species level" and the understanding that "we must reapply for admission to the biosphere."

It is not that the social dimension or an analysis of capitalism or a perception of racial injustice is absent from the deep ecology philosophy. In fact, Devall and Sessions, among others, are quite explicit about the evils of what they call the "dominant world view" and the need for direct action to challenge it, and most of the deep ecology activists I have met have quite a clear idea of the nature of repression and subjugation in this society and have often put their bodies on the line in resistance to it. But it is probably accurate to say that deep ecologists think primarily in biotic rather than social terms. They regard the fundamental issue to be the destruction of nature and the suffering of the rapidly dying species and ecosystems as distinct from those who regard the basic issue as the absence of justice and the suffering of human populations.

That, as I see it, is a clear difference in emphasis, in concern, in dedication—but not, God knows, such an extreme difference that it should prompt invective and opposition and outrage. There is no need, I would have thought, for pistols-at-dawn rhetoric.

The second and related issue is that of population size, specifically the deep ecologists' contention that a significant reduction in human numbers is essential for the proper balance and functioning of the biosphere. This, it is said, is Malthusian, holding, as *Fifth Estate* claimed, that "there are too many people and not enough resources to keep them alive" and that "scarcity and famine are thus explained as natural phenomena." This, it is said, is callous and cruel, akin to genocide, since it must have in mind targeting the poorest, the darkest and the sickest, designing their demise, according to Bookchin, "by measures that are virtually eco-fascist."

It is always difficult to deal with the population question, but for starters it should be noted that those deep ecologists who have confronted it do *not* begin with Malthusian assumptions and certainly do not arrive at Malthusian conclusions. Their argument is not—repeat not—that population reduction is necessary because of inadequate food in the world, since it is fairly evident (and the work of Frances Moore Lappé tends to confirm) that present populations could be adequately fed if political and economic arrangements were different, although long-term food stability would certainly depend on both intra- and interregional

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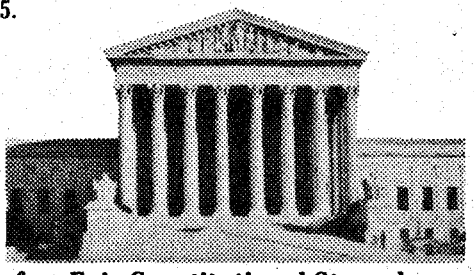

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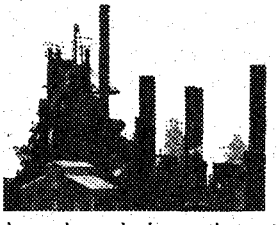

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population distribution. The argument is, rather, that sustaining human population at present (not to mention predicted) levels puts too great a strain on all the resources, life forms and systems of the earth. This affects most particularly our fellow species, whom we are killing at the estimated rate of one an hour to maintain ourselves at these numbers, but also the world's fertile soil, its waters, its air, its climatic and hydrologic systems—in short, the ability of the biosphere to survive.

Such a position does not argue that capitalism is not egregiously at fault for much of this assault, although it is patently clear that industrialized socialist systems are every bit as guilty in kind if not degree, as are many of the colonized states in the orbit of either empire. Indeed, the logic holds, as Devall and Sessions say explicitly, that it is the industrialized societies—particularly the most rapacious, exploitative, wasteful and polluting one of all, found in this country—that are overpopulated the most, if I may put it that way. *Their* numbers (especially their wealthier numbers) are sustained at far higher living standards and do far greater ultimate damage to the biosphere. Nowhere here is there the idea that it's desirable or inevitable—or even useful, in biospheric terms—for poor people to die off; quite the contrary.

There is even less of a basis for the charges of genocide and fascism. In the deep ecology literature a good deal of attention has been given to the levels at which it might be desirable for the human population to stabilize—the figures I've seen range between 100 million (Naess's suggestion) and 1 billion—but very little to the means for doing this, except Naess's "without revolution or dictatorship." The only other references I've found are to such vague ideas as Foreman's "over the long run," Naess's "through mild but tenacious political and economic measures," and Devall and Sessions' "the longer we wait, the more drastic will be the measures needed." There is nowhere any hint of a suggestion that people should be gassed, forced into starvation or sterilized against their will, that one type or race or nation is to be preferred, that there is to be some agency or government or ruler to achieve this—all that is born, unfortunately, in the minds of deep ecology's detractors.

The third substantial charge, following from this, has to do with the issue of biocentric egalitarianism, or the place of the human in the natural world. Deep ecology, it is said, is essentially misanthropic, emphasizing as it does a reduction in human numbers and a relegation of the welfare of the human to a status secondary to that of the biosphere as a whole. "Deep ecologists have inverted the relationship of domination of people over nature," Ynestra King has written, "into one of nature over people." *Fifth Estate* charges that, "taking pains to defend every form of life from whales down to even the . . . smallpox virus," deep ecologists want "only human beings . . . banished from creation for their depredations."

Deep ecologists would hardly deny the specialness of the human animal, I feel sure—Naess himself emphasizes that humans have "extraordinary" and particular traits—but they would probably argue that this specialness has tended to separate the human from nature in such a way as to allow the species' destructive characteristics to dominate, for which human societies since the Neolithic have been particularly notable. Now that these characteristics, embodied and empowered in industrial society as never before, threaten the globe with nothing less than ecocide, it is hard not to feel a certain antipathy to them and a certain fear and suspicion of the species that has been endowed with them.

Misanthropy, in my dictionary, is defined as "a hatred or distrust of mankind," but it seems useful to distinguish between the two. It is probably true that most deep ecologists are distrustful, or fearful, of the human role in the biosphere, but very doubtful that they hate the human species and wish its extinction. I am sure there are in the movement those who are led to despair of the human condition and those who would say that the ongoing survival of the living earth and its biosphere is more important than the survival of the human species. Indeed, it is plausibly argued that the survival of arboreal (especially tropical) species is far more important to the health of the biosphere as a whole than the survival of any mammalian primate, inasmuch as it is the former that are chiefly responsible for the processing of carbon dioxide and oxygen necessary for most of life. I do not see how that position, however, could be regarded as equivalent to the hatred of humans or the desire for their banishment.

DEEP ECOLOGY IN DEPTH

The basic deep ecology library includes:

Deep Ecology, by Bill Devall and George Sessions (Gibbs M. Smith, Layton, Utah, 1985)
Deep Ecology, Michael Tobias, ed. (Avant Books, San Diego, 1985)
The Trumpeter, Fall 1986, Spring and Fall 1987
Shifting Paradigms: From Technocrat to Planetary Person, by Alan Drengson (Lightstar Press, Victoria, B.C., 1983)
Inquiry 16, "The Shallow and the Deep, Long-Range Ecology Movements: A Summary," by Arne Naess (Oslo, 1973)
Philosophical Inquiry 8, "The Deep Ecology Movement," by Arne Naess (1986)
Ecology, Community and Lifestyle: An Outline of Ecosophy, by Arne Naess (Cambridge University Press, 1988)
Natural Resources Journal 20, "The Deep Ecology Movement," by Bill Devall (1980)
Environmental Review 11, "The Deep Ecology Movement: A Review," by George Sessions (1987)
The Ecologist 14, "Deep Ecology: A New Philosophy of Our Time," by Warwick Fox (1984)
Earth First!, June, September, November 1987

Deep ecology study groups exist in both Europe and Australia, and many Green organizations in Europe have worked to incorporate specifically biocentric policies into their agendas. In this country, many parts of the bioregional movement have embraced the deep ecology perspective, and the first North American Bioregional Congress, in 1984, endorsed the Naess-Sessions basic principles. Earth First! groups around the country have explicitly identified themselves with deep ecology concepts.

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Now it is true that, in trying to put its quite radical message across, both Dave Foreman and *Earth First!* have printed careless things that have, generally out of context, upset some people and led to charges of misanthropy of the "hatred" kind. Foreman once asserted, when asked in an interview about starvation in Ethiopia, that he thought "the best thing would be to just let nature seek its own balance, to let the people there just starve there," certainly an unnecessarily heartless way of putting it, although the point he was trying to make is that the Ethiopian population has overshot the capacity of its devastated environment to produce food, and that outside aid might alleviate that for the moment but wouldn't do anything to achieve the population reduction that is necessary for ecological balance there. Similarly, the *Earth First!* article on AIDS argued that, in spite of the suffering involved, it was a "welcome development" in the necessary reduction of human population, especially since (unlike war or environmental catastrophe) it appears to affect only humanity and not other species. Call it callous, if you will, but it is meant to be descriptive, not prescriptive—to suggest that the earth as a living ecosystem might have its own defense mechanisms, including viruses that strike at species that overstress it, to protect it in times of crisis. Agree or disagree, that is not misanthropy or fascism.

Other criticisms of deep ecology have been raised over the past year, mostly of the same order and too elaborate and arduous to rehash here. I suspect more will emerge in coming years, as the tenets of the biocentric point of view become more developed and widespread and the need for some such ecological consciousness in the face of ecocide becomes increasingly obvious to the population at large. There is every reason to suppose that some of those criticisms, the ones given to civil discourse and respectful language, will lead to rethinking and reformulation of elements of the philosophy, which after all is still quite new and still has much homework to do.

But there can hardly be any alteration of the basic deep ecology principles or the world view, may I say the paradigm, in which those are embedded. As I have tried to elucidate them here, they represent not only a new (and to their adherents, necessary) way to re-evaluate the world and the place of the human in it but also the core of the ecological vision that is leading people to reorder their lives and renew their actions. The tenets may not be perfectly formulated yet, and may admit of emendation as the struggle continues, but they certainly seem informed by exactly the kind of ecological consciousness that will permit us, if anything will, to save the biosphere before it is too late.

I cannot see why those principles should evoke anger and calumny, even among those whose analyses may differ and whose interests may lie elsewhere. Some participants in the debate may of course disagree, but I do think the questions here are ones of emphasis and priority, not of fundamental incompatibility. Social ecologists may want to say that ecological exploitation stems from social exploitation and concentrate their critique on what they see as hierarchy and patriarchy; deep ecologists will probably say that social exploitation stems from ecological exploitation and prefer to concentrate on biocentrism and wilderness. These both seem like sensible paths, and I don't see the point of either school trying to trash the other, working toward some imagined dominant theoretical purity, particularly since the ranks of ecologists of any kind are not all that numerous to begin with, and the job we have to do in reversing the trend of five centuries of Western civilization is enormous.

Perhaps there is a basic natural principle we all ought to take to heart—that of cooperation with diversity, much as the rain forest works, or a coral reef or an oak tree. As usual, I would suggest, nature has the answer. □

William Buckley

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

to Hamburg, West Germany, to meet with Manucher Ghorbanifar, a former Iranian businessman believed to have ties with anti-Khomeini forces in Iran and in exile in Europe. Shackley's meeting with Ghorbanifar shows just how desperate the agency had become: Not four months before, Ghorbanifar had failed a series of polygraph tests and the C.I.A. had issued a "fabricator notice" on him. Still, if there was any hope at all, the C.I.A. was willing to take the gamble.

Shackley's November 1984 meeting with Ghorbanifar came about because of the veteran agent's continued contact with Gen. Manucher Hashemi, the former head of the counterespionage section of the Shah's secret police, Savak. There is still disagreement about whether Shackley undertook the Buckley mission on his own, at Hashemi's instigation or as part of an agency program. But there is little doubt that Hashemi's involvement gave the sleazy Ghorbanifar the imprimatur of credibility he had hitherto lacked. Most important, says one high-level intelligence community source, "Shackley's involvement personalized the search for Buckley," something the agency was initially loath to do.

Ted Shackley's contact with Ghorbanifar and his plan to ransom Buckley and other U.S. hostages held by Islamic revolutionaries was short-lived: After reporting on the substance of his meeting to U.S. officials in November 1984, Shackley was told to cease the discussion because Ghorbanifar's plan was viewed as a "scam." But why had Shackley become involved in the search for Buckley to begin with? The answer offers an insight into the comparatively small world of espionage operatives and government intelligence experts. Shackley and Buckley first served together in Vietnam, according to informed intelligence sources, including a retired C.I.A. official who worked with them both. Shackley's involvement in that war is a matter of public record: According to published reports, after putting in stints as C.I.A. station chief in Miami and Vientiane, Laos, he served as station chief in Saigon from 1969 to 1972. The nature of Buckley's involvement in Vietnam is much less clear and is the subject of continuing comment among his friends at the C.I.A.

Mark Perry is a Washington, D.C., writer whose book, Four Stars: The Joint Chiefs of Staff and the American Military, *will be published next year by Houghton Mifflin.*

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"Here was a guy who knew no limits," one agency source says bluntly. "When he was in Vietnam we had one hell of a problem with him. We finally had to ship him out of the country. He knew no limits, he just loved the game." According to this source, Buckley's personal behavior (in particular his obsessive womanizing) upset a number of his colleagues, who feared it would result in security breaches that could harm U.S. operations in Southeast Asia. According to this same source, who said he thought it "unseemly to go into this guy's background, especially considering the circumstances [of his death]," Buckley was a zealous operator and an ambitious competitor for the attention of his superiors. "Listen," the former colleague says, "the fact of the matter is that Buckley was a real asshole in Vietnam. Everyone wanted to get rid of him." Buckley's personal problems, the talk of the C.I.A. station in Saigon, were what forced his transfer to other assignments, but "it never bothered Buckley. He thought he was immortal."

After a short stint at C.I.A. headquarters in Langley, Virginia, where Buckley began honing his skills as the agency's top counterterrorism expert, he was shipped to the Middle East. His first assignment was in Damascus, where he served as an analyst responsible for assessing Syria's repressive government. During his stay in Damascus, Buckley was posted to Cairo for a short period to help train President Anwar el-Sadat's bodyguards. His performance there brought him plaudits from security specialists dispatched under contract from the Pentagon.

Buckley was next transferred to the C.I.A. station in Islamabad, Pakistan, in mid-1978—an assignment that, as it turned out, would change his life forever. Islamabad was feeling the influence of the Islamic fundamentalist movement that swept the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini to power in Iran the following February. The seizure of the U.S. Embassy in Teheran by Iranian Revolutionary Guards on November 4, 1979, was followed by similar actions throughout the region. By far the worst of these attacks took place November 20-21.

On November 20, in Mecca, Saudi Arabia, a band of 300 well-armed fundamentalists led by a self-proclaimed Mahdi—an Islamic Shiite Messiah—seized the Grand Mosque, Islam's holiest shrine. The Saudi government reacted swiftly and brutally. The mosque was recaptured by the Saudi National Guard (trained by military experts under an ongoing contract with the Vinnell Corporation of Fairfax, Virginia), causing hundreds of casualties.

Iranian claims that the United States and Israel were involved in the action provoked an attack on the U.S. Embassy in Islamabad on November 21 by a mob of Pakistani fundamentalists, who forced about ninety embassy employees, including William Buckley, to take refuge in the embassy's third-floor security vault. The Islamabad incident cost the lives of two Americans, and the United States was fortunate to avoid a massacre, as Pakistani riot police were slow to respond. Most embassy personnel, including Buckley, escaped by climbing onto the roof of the building.

The attack was, however, one of the least-publicized intelligence disasters in modern history: The rioters gained access to highly secret U.S. intelligence information contained in embassy files, information that had widespread ramifications for C.I.A. sources in the Middle East and/or Southwest Asia. When news of the sacking of the embassy in Islamabad reached Langley, agency officials were furious that such classified files had been kept openly on the embassy premises. "There's no excuse for that," one retired intelligence expert commented. "You have to wonder what the hell they were doing with all that paper—what good did they think it would do them. There's a reason we have computers; they should have used them." According to this same source, the C.I.A. "should have seen it [the Islamabad incident] coming."

After this brush with disaster, William Buckley was hustled out of Pakistan by way of the British Embassy and debriefed by C.I.A. terrorism experts at Langley. If nothing else, Buckley's Islamabad experience gave him first-hand knowledge of the dangers that Islamic fundamentalism posed to U.S. interests in the region. It also won him respect among agency professionals who had been in similar scrapes. The problem was that Buckley's experience could no longer be used in the Middle East.

A longstanding C.I.A. rule, according to an employee of the agency, says that no agent who has been "burned," or identified, may "return to the same theater of operations for five years." The rule is ironclad, designed to reassure C.I.A. operatives that their lives are valued by their government. Accordingly, Buckley was cooled off by the agency by being assigned as a corporate official to PEMEX, the government-owned petroleum corporation of Mexico. But the C.I.A. soon needed Buckley back at Langley. By early 1982 he was serving as the agency's resident expert on counterterrorism. He was in the right place at the right time, for counterterrorism was Washington's newest, most chic area of expertise.

The Reagan Administration's obsession with defending U.S. interests in the Middle East had grown out of the events of the previous three years, 1979 to 1981. First was the Iranian Revolution itself, followed by the hostage crisis. The riots in Islamabad were re-enacted in cities throughout the Indian subcontinent, in Karachi, Lahore, Rawalpindi and Calcutta. U.S. morale seemed to recover somewhat after two American fighters downed a Libyan jet over the Gulf of Sidra in August 1981. But just two months later, on October 6, the Reagan Administration was shocked yet again, when one of its most constant allies, Anwar el-Sadat, was killed in a hail of bullets while reviewing a military parade outside of Cairo. The assassination was a major embarrassment for the U.S. government, which had helped assure Sadat's safety.

Given the worsening turmoil in the Middle East, it was not surprising that Director of Central Intelligence William Casey should decide to call on Buckley, an old hand at counterterrorism. The Administration's new emphasis on the field was causing some problems for the agency: Among other things, according to an intelligence expert who now works with a private government security contractor, "everyone wanted to get into the act; everyone wanted to have a piece of the counterterrorism pie." Upward of twenty-six different U.S. agencies were interested in helping

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formulate policy, turning the Administration's counterterrorism planning into a bureaucratic nightmare. Buckley's job was to make sense of the program. According to one intelligence expert, he did yeoman's work.

Yet Buckley's real value to the C.I.A. did not become clear until 1983, as difficult a year for the agency as any in recent history. On April 18, 1983, a truck filled with explosives detonated on the grounds of the U.S. Embassy in Beirut, killing sixty-three people, including seventeen Americans. Among the dead was the C.I.A.'s highly regarded Middle East section chief, Robert Ames, who was in Beirut on a forty-eight-hour visit. As in Islamabad, the agency had suffered a major intelligence disaster, this time compounded by embarrassment. The bombing had been carried out with such precision that the Islamic fundamentalists responsible must have known they were targeting one of the C.I.A.'s most important human assets. The agency needed to respond vigorously to the loss of Ames, if for no other reason than to assure its operatives that they would remain protected in highly volatile settings like Beirut.

Soon after the bombing, William Casey began casting around for Ames's replacement. He settled on Buckley, who not only had Middle East experience but who, owing to his expertise on counterterrorism, would know how to protect himself in the super-heated Beirut environment. Unfortunately, Casey either forgot about the agency's five-year rule prohibiting agents from serving in an area of operations in which they had been identified, or—more likely—purposely ignored it. In any event, Buckley found himself serving as the C.I.A.'s new station chief in Beirut at the end of 1983, a position that made him the target of the same terrorists who killed Ames.

Intelligence officials at the C.I.A. are still enraged by Casey's decision and his flaunting of procedures. "It was an outrage, an absolute outrage, that Buckley was sent back to Beirut," one official says angrily. "They had no business doing that. But when Ames died they needed someone with Mideast experience. A planning board, a committee called the Senior Planning Group, gets together and makes a decision on which operations officer gets assigned to which theater. And they pass on all such assignments. The group is composed of high-ranking C.I.A. officials with experience in the field. The recommendation is passed on to the D.C.I. [Director of Central Intelligence], in this instance to Casey, and it's his decision. . . . So Casey called in Buckley and said, 'You're going to Beirut. We need you there.'"

Although Buckley didn't want the Beirut assignment, he knew that it was unusual for an agent to turn down such a posting, especially when the request was made personally by the head of the agency. One intelligence analyst says that Buckley was given "a monetary inducement" to take the assignment "because it was so dangerous," a report that spread through intelligence circles without confirmation. Intelligence experts now agree that Buckley almost immediately reverted to his old Vietnam habits in Beirut, making him an instantly visible target. He "drove around in a limousine that had C.I.A. written all over it," says one authoritative source. Although Buckley undoubtedly knew what he was getting into, he seemed almost to invite danger: "They had him made as soon as he got off the plane," a colleague says. "And he knew it."

For what it's worth, Casey did everything he could to get Buckley back after his kidnapping, including dispatching two teams of intelligence agents to locate him. But those efforts failed: Buckley was tortured by his captors and eventually died of neglect. A videotape of his "confession" was obtained by C.I.A. officials, who were outraged at the brutality of his kidnappers.

There is one final irony to the Buckley story. Within a month of the kidnapping, President Reagan asked that America's counterterrorism policy be upgraded and that more government resources be earmarked for dealing with the problem. Accordingly, Reagan signed NSDD [National Security Decision Directive] 138, designating twenty-six different Federal departments, agencies and bureaus to come up with recommendations on how to stop terrorism. It thereby replicated exactly the kind of bureaucratic chaos that Buckley had been asked to stop in 1982.

More than four years after the Buckley kidnapping, the incident has become, for intelligence experts, a symbol of

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the C.I.A.'s failure in the Middle East. The Reagan Administration continues to defend the record of former Director of Central Intelligence Casey, who is still considered a national hero by those who carried out the Iran/*contra* operation. Those who knew William Buckley disagree: They wonder what might (or might *not*) have happened had William Casey stuck to C.I.A. rules and decided to send someone else to Beirut. □

EDITORIALS.

(*Continued From Page 665*)

are minute, often failing to attain statistical significance.

Particularly instructive in light of the Nunn boom is a poll recently released by the World Policy Institute. Asked whether the United States should spend more or less money on a set of policy areas, 82 percent of the total sample and 84 percent of Southerners said they preferred the country to spend more promoting economic growth at home. Similar landslide percentages (82 percent overall, 80 percent in the South) registered in favor of additional spending on education. In stark contrast, only 28 percent of the total sample and 27 percent in the South favored more defense spending—a result consistent with a Gallup poll taken in January, which showed exactly 6 percent of registered voters listing defense as the most important campaign issue.

It is not even true that swing voters are uniquely concentrated in the South. A recent *New York Times* essay repeating many of the bromides about the key role of Southern white "moderates," for example, contained a striking table breaking out "swing voters," defined as those who had voted for Reagan in 1984 and now were either uncertain or inclined to the Democrats. The table, however, did not contain a regional breakdown. When asked, the CBS/*New York Times* poll staff readily supplied the information—and, as usual, the differences between the South and other regions were not significant. (The table, indeed, indicated that a slightly higher percentage of swing voters might exist in the Midwest.)

It is true that Southerners are a bit more likely than the rest of the country to approve of the way President Reagan is handling his job. But the difference, again, is not large. In some recent *Los Angeles Times* polls, it virtually disappears when one combines responses for two subregions, and in the absence of a clear alternative is of doubtful operational significance anyway.

Southerners are also less likely to call themselves "liberals," by about 3 percent. It is well known, however, that in American politics labels predict very little about behavior. For example, many Americans who shy instinctively from identifying themselves as liberals in ideological terms nevertheless are deeply attached to liberal policies.

This brings us to the real choice that Dukakis must now make, and which accounts for the insistent Bourbon Street beat in the Democratic Party. What may be the most accurate evaluations of the sources of the recent Democratic decline in public esteem (and here, perhaps not surprisingly, I feel inclined to mention my own co-authored account, *Right Turn*, and also the entirely independent efforts of Professor Stanley Kelley of Princeton University) stress that public support for New Deal–type issues has not diminished at all in recent years (and, I may add, Kelley's unpublished data confirm the unimportance of South/non-South differences).

What has changed is the public perception of the Democrats on these questions. Put bluntly, after the brutal austerity of 1980 and the fiasco of 1984, when the Democrats promised to do nothing for anyone except raise their taxes, the party has squandered most of the good will it had derived from the New Deal. As a glance at the polls will show, the Democratic Party has contrived to blow what should be its natural advantage—identification as the obvious party of prosperity.

Democrats have done this less because of anything the Republicans have done—the Reagan economic record is not impressive and in some respects is truly alarming—than because of what they themselves have failed to do. At this moment, enormous majorities in all regions of the country (77 percent in a recent Gallup poll) favor raising the minimum wage. Some 26 percent of all Democratic voters on Super Tuesday expressed fears about Social Security. More than 80 percent of the public in all regions also favors plant closing legislation, and there is strong support for national health insurance (interestingly, a recent Gallup poll suggests that Southerners are more likely than other Americans to worry about medical expenses).

Last year, as he inspected his 3 percent standing in the national polls (11 percent in the South) and, perhaps, drew some lessons from the stirring biracial mobilization that induced most Southern Democratic senators to vote against the Bork nomination, Sam Nunn prudently chose to be right rather than President.

If the Democratic elites who gave us the war in Vietnam, the alliance with the Shah, Paul Volcker and the *contras* persist in their determination to put Nunn or some other Southern conservative foreign policy music-man on the ticket instead of someone who can identify convincingly with the economic problems of ordinary Americans, they had better be prepared to face the music: essentially no appeal to swing *nonvoters*, the loss of many of Jesse Jackson's supporters and no cross-cutting reply to the inevitable G.O.P. symbolic appeals—in short, another self-induced electoral disaster. As they get set once more to come before the public empty-handed, therefore, let them ponder again the meaning of 1986 and the fate of Glenn and Gore. In the words of the most memorable slogan to come out of the 1988 campaign, this time, there had better be "no excuses."

THOMAS FERGUSON

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EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 662*)

female-headed households in with teen pregnancy as evidence of "disorganization" and reasons for public concern, and he argues that poor women would best be helped by making poor young *men* employable and thus "marriageable," so that women might seek material refuge by relying on husbands' incomes in proper two-parent, "intact" nuclear family arrangements. (Kilson is correct that in the last chapter Wilson tosses in a reference to child care and family allowances, but that reference is simply tacked onto the main argument—repeated throughout the artless book—that the principal remedy for female poverty is employing men.)

Third, his story of the genesis of the underclass reflects the current black petit bourgeois nostalgia that mourns a mythic organicism said to have held healthy black communities together in bygone generations. Amazingly, he takes no account of segregation as the glue binding urban black populations in the 1940s and 1950s, periods he finds curiously preferable to the present. (Is it fair to wonder how many black faculty members there were at elite universities in 1940?)

Fourth, his construction of the sources of contemporary urban poverty entirely excludes the importance of politics and conscious policy in producing the social isolation and concentration he describes. He writes of abstract structures but not of any concrete agency. He describes concentration of the poor in Chicago—one of the most segregated cities in the United States—without mentioning the urban renewal program or other artifacts of public policy that explicitly reproduced and intensified residential segregation. In Wilson's account no one is responsible for immiserization, except in so far as the underclass mires itself through pathological behavior.

Finally, he misreads the relation of race, class and economics by accepting a view of racial subordination that sees only the alternatives of overt discrimination or race-blind, structural dynamics. To that extent *The Truly Disadvantaged* repeats the pivotal failing of *The Declining Significance of Race*, of which it is an extension, by not recognizing the ways in which racial stratification is inscribed in the workings of labor markets, real estate markets and other ostensibly neutral structures.

Now that I have recalled the arguments at which Professors Wilson and Kilson did not bark, let me comment on the points they do contest. Wilson seeks to dissociate himself from Nathan's queer view of the history of American reform. He should, because it is a ridiculous perspective. (I should note also that in my draft I attributed the quote to Nathan, not Wilson, in a clause that was left on the editorial room floor.) However, his disclaimer has a very hollow ring. He does quote Nathan's interpretation, but he makes no attempt to indicate that he does not share it. Moreover, six pages earlier in his text Wilson contends all on his own and in italics that the best way to help the poor is by "*emphasizing programs to which the more advantaged groups of all races and class backgrounds can positively relate.*" And he concludes the book two pages after the Nathan quote by asserting that "the history of social provision so clearly demonstrates [that] universalistic political alliances, cemented by policies that provide benefits directly to wide segments of the population, are needed to work successfully for major reform." These claims bear more than a strong family resemblance to the view that Wilson quotes without disapprobation but now finds unacceptable. Indeed, *The Truly Disadvantaged* rests entirely on such technocratic, anticonflictual premises.

Professor Kilson, when not venting spleen by tossing epithets around and waving the bloody shirt of teen pregnancy, asserts that I err by not acknowledging that there is a "valid normative societal mode" according to which we should judge—"measure" is only a scientific euphemism in this context—the poor. What is this mode? Who are its guardians? Whence does it derive? What makes it "valid"? Need I remind that thirty years ago comparable norms were adduced to justify views that homosexuality was a dangerous sickness, that women unsatisfied with their household lot were neurotic and that those who challenged segregation were fighting the commands of God and nature?

Underlying Kilson's complaint is a disturbing moral repressiveness, which, as is so often the case, expresses a punitive class prejudice. It is not just poor black men who shirk responsibility for "families they create"; men of all races, income groupings and social classes exhibit the same character defect. It is not just poor black women who have babies out of wedlock—as if anyone should care—but women of all races and classes. And of course, it is not simply poor minority communities that are beset by drug abuse. If a household headed by a divorced female executive is not "disorganized," if a lawyer who decides to have a baby without benefit of clergy or lasting male entanglements is not acting pathologically—and I know that my good friend Martin Kilson agrees that they are not—then it is not the behavior that is objectionable. Instead, what affronts apostles of the valid norms is that poor people have the audacity to live pragmatically and not to act any more like Victorian moralists or neoclassical economists than does anyone else in American society.

Kilson, whose sentiments are usually liberal and pluralistic, keeps his sanctimonious passions up by sputtering about "runaway rates of teen-age pregnancy." Yet Wilson points out, as I noted in my review, that actual rates of black teen-age childbearing have been declining for two decades. Kilson's ideological commitment to the rhetoric of social pathology apparently has overtaken his tough-minded empiricism. (By the way, the "right-wing technocrat" label is Kilson's invention; not only do I not make such a charge, but I actively defend Wilson against those who have dismissed him as a neoconservative.)

In my review I asked why (if, as Wilson observes when trying to skirt the stigma of culture-of-poverty theory, the real source of the "underclass" is lack of opportunity and not pathological behavior) we need to identify the poor by their putative behavior at all? It is instructive that neither Wilson nor Kilson responds to that question. All the pontification about the plight of the underclass has proceeded without any serious examination of how poor people in inner cities understand their situation in life, how they accommodate themselves to their horizons of opportunity, fashion systems of meaning and operate purposefully within them. It is not clear whether there even is an urban underclass that conforms to the ideologues' usage, i.e., a discrete population, identifiably separate from the working poor. Certainly, a percentage of the urban-poverty population participates in an illegal economy, in which violent street crime plays a significant part, and there are families and individuals who are outside the regular labor force and spend large portions of their lives on public assistance. However, we have no evidence that those people live by an ethos qualitatively different from that of their neighbors who hold low-wage jobs or move in and out of the labor force. Nor can we be certain that those categories of individuals can be differentiated neatly in the real world.

Part of the problem is that the underclass notion was popularized by anecdotal journalism, and social scientists took it up because it is ideologically congenial. That is precisely how Wilson, and now Kilson, have failed to break with the Reagan era discourse about poverty—by accepting the premise that the poor are to be apportioned according to some moral criterion that yields the "deserving" poor, the "really" needy and now the "truly" disadvantaged. Wilson cannot let go of that rhetoric even as he contends that the real problem is lack of opportunity.

Thus, Wilson and Kilson rattle on quite self-righteously about pathology and disorganization among the black poor without a shred of ethnographic evidence. Evidence is superfluous; how poor people think, what they want, how they seek to maintain humanity in horribly constrained lives are matters of no consequence. What is important is only that they be unobtrusive, preferably employed because jobs give discipline, and safely tucked away in stable, two-parent families, quietly waiting for the zephyrs of intergenerational upward mobility that somehow always seem to be blowing in some other neighborhood. ***Adolph Reed Jr.***

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Facing the Footage

MAUREEN HOWARD

PRISONER'S DILEMMA. *By Richard Powers. William Morrow. 348 pp. $19.95.*

KRAZY KAT. *By Jay Cantor. Alfred A. Knopf. 245 pp. $16.95.*

The countdown as we know it, 10-9-8-u.s.w., was invented by Fritz Lang in 1929 for the Ufa film Die Frau in Mond. *He put it into the launch scene to heighten the suspense.*

—Thomas Pynchon
Gravity's Rainbow

Thank our lucky stars—film or galactic, it doesn't matter, dollink—that we have two grand young writers each dealing us his second novel like an ace of hearts. Richard Powers, in *Prisoner's Dilemma*, and Jay Cantor, in *Krazy Kat*, have dealt us into that swell game of fiction once again. Enough scowling through the bifocals at the youngsters who tell us their wee stories of how it hurt (or didn't hurt, samething) in up- or down-country talk—plain, holier-than-us language. Let us put aside the dull stuff too many writers have made of America over the past decade, the pall cast over the mall. Cantor and Powers will have none of it; bright and bookish, they ask for our response to be as bright—but, please, not academic—on every page. In this way, they follow their masters, Nabokov and Pynchon: hard acts to follow, strong suits to play.

Prisoner's Dilemma begins with the stars. On a summer night a father demonstrates the celestial bodies to his children. A father instructing: Ed Hobson is, in fact, a high-school history teacher who is as familiar with Ursa Major as he is with the casts of 1940s movie musicals, his mind an omnium-gatherum, mostly of American culture, but the optical accident of pictures in the sky and a clever game of cards can be accommodated in his view. It is a view of the world made manageable through knowledge—counting by eights, *Robert's Rules of Order*, Shays' Rebellion or quoting great lines of not-so-great verse. Any Hobson at any moment could tell us it was Donna Reed in *It's a Wonderful Life* or finish off a quatrain of a Robert Service parody. At every meal four quick-witted kids have fed on their father's glut of information, and on paradoxes and palindromes, but life as a quiz show is no longer trivial pursuit. Ed Hobson denies the strange illness which has long rendered him unemployable and plagued the family fortunes. Now his children are presented with the big puzzle: What has made this inventive loner, this lovable, irritating paterfamilias into a swooning, often comatose figure whose only theater of operation is an A-frame house in De Kalb, Illinois? Dad is jailed, we might say. That answer is flat, given the dimensions of Powers's novel. Hobson's wife and children are prisoners, too, of his unrelenting puns and conundrums. With all its vitality, Big Ed's classroom has trapped them in a set of private references.

Artie, the eldest Hobson, at present in law school, has the first say (it's that scene under the stars): "My father is doing what he does best, doing the only thing he knew how to do in this life. He is quizzing us, plaguing his kids with questions. . . . We are out here alone, on a silver rock under the blank vacuum, with nothing but his riddles for our thin atmosphere." This is a memory. Sorting through his father's effects, Artie takes an elegiac tone, asking "why trying to know left him so fiercely alone and lost," and hearing one of his old man's answers, partial and insufficient, to "try to figure out where history has set you down." In the opening chapter, more afterword than foreword, the son resorts to the father's mode: "And I will ask what remains of my family how a person could move through life repeating, every year, the old perennials, the same chestnut riddles, the adored ore, the when-is-a-door-not-a-door? Then I will tell them, straight out, the answer, the treaty: when his mind is an evasive urgency. And ajar." Before the novel's brilliant unraveling we are granted aphoristic answers, but they are dense as Emersonian homilies, more complex suggestions than solutions, leaving the door to Ed Hobson's life of energetic failure, indeed, ajar.

In *Prisoner's Dilemma* Powers is interested in multiple texts, as he was in his first novel, *Three Farmers on Their Way to a Dance*, our brightest work of fiction since *Gravity's Rainbow*. In *Three Farmers* the quest, first to identify then to construe the historic moment when August Sander photographed three young Austrians on the eve of World War I, runs parallel to the zany pursuit of an intriguing redhead, costumed as Sarah Bernhardt and glimpsed for one moment in Boston on a quite contemporary Veterans' Day. Where will such disparate stories take us? Far, in Powers's fiction, to where the imagination and/or historical investigation take us; where "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" took Keats; where a fleeting glance at Beatrice took Dante: to the place where the world that constructs us is reconstructed by us, to a figuring out where history has set us down. Parallel stories do intersect in *Three Farmers* as they do in *Bleak House* or *Lolita*. The thrill of coincidence is that it is almost magic. The decoding of the Sander photograph, the history it contains—real, inventive, interpretive—does, to our satisfaction and amazement, come to bear on the mock love story.

Prisoner's Dilemma presents us with a similar system. Artie Hobson's story of his father's life runs side by side with a text called "Hobstown," a consuming project that Ed Hobson has spoken into an old dictaphone over the years. We read Artie's version as a traditional first-person route, full of insights and a good deal of self-revelation, while the father's text is the creation of an alternate world. "Hobstown" is an enchantment in which Pop re-creates himself as Bud Middleton, an all-American boy. Bud—the stand-in, the double—is to be featured with his all-American family in promotions of the 1939 World's Fair, including a film on the glories of the Westinghouse time capsule, which Bud's dad calls "science's greatest gift to the world of the future." Powers, at 31, delivers a loaded World's Fair, as loaded as the time capsule buried in Flushing Meadows with the smug key to our accomplishments. Bud, a 13-year-old, is a perfect conduit for that naïve vision, an ideal fan of the technology that transformed "an ash dump into a model of the future."

Maureen Howard is the author of Grace Abounding, Facts of Life *and most recently,* Expensive Habits, *all published by Penguin.*

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We cut back to yet another text, the familiar third-person narrative of family life in which Artie is just one of the cast. The kids assemble in De Kalb. Being Hobsons, they are trained in speculation and have set the game plan to get Pop to a hospital when the old historian (he's only 51) comes downstairs, looking chipper, and in a masterful evasion gets them to contemplate the problem of the prisoner's dilemma, the damned-if-you-do, damned-if-you-don't proposition concerning trust:

		HIM: KEEP QUIET	HIM: SQUEAL
ME	KEEP QUIET	I get 2 yrs He gets 2 yrs	Get chair He goes free
	SQUEAL	I go free He gets chair	I get 10 yrs He gets 10 yrs

An entertaining business—all choices are equally risky, and the kids are at it again, figuring, arguing, their mother distraught with their disputes.

As a family story, ***Prisoner's Dilemma*** is smart about this smart-talking family but open and compassionate too. We might think of Salinger's Glass family, less damaged, transferred to the heartland. Each child, while distinctly a Hobson, has made it out of the system. Artie has gone to law school (although that "on track" choice is not necessarily commendable in Hobsonian terms). Rachel parlays her mathematical gifts into work as an unorthodox actuary, but is hopelessly caught up in wisecracks, death-defying foot-on-the-pedal ploys. Where Rachel is tough, Lily is vulnerable. Divorced, returned home in defeat, Lily is the only Hobson who's had any real experience out there. Now she is paralyzed, often closed in her room, writing unsent letters to the woman next door, watching her neighbor check and recheck her locks. To Mrs. Swallow, Lily unfolds the history of her girlish marriage and the knowledge that she, too, understands her father is "inventing a protest, an alternative history, all the details tailored to suit him alone." Lily appeals to Mrs. Swallow for some reason to live, even if it is only to "teach me that love for the trap that keeps you rattling the locks, refusing to quit resisting, to give up the senseless ritual as lost."

Come late to the table, Eddie Jr., still in high school, has escaped the set-apart feeling of his sibs. He is blessedly ordinary. Ailene, Ed Sr.'s wife, is an audience to what she has begot and her husband has put into play. "Mother is abiding," Lily writes. It is a fair summary of a woman who has loved and suffered the vicissitudes of life with a small-time, inoperative genius. Gently, Powers often includes her with the kids. Wisely, he knows that as the novel progresses toward the father's quite glorious demise, Ailene's sorrow must be separated out. Her loyalty to the man is of another order. She knows what Artie reconstructs, but not what ails her husband or where his escapist tactics will end.

The beginning of Ed Hobson's end was at Alamogordo, where, as a plain soldier, he stumbled out of an all-night acey-deucy game to see, in Artie's words, "a light more luminous than noon. The desert blooms. . . . The light effuses a bright, warm matrix of desire. . . . Everything has changed except my father's power to make any difference. . . . For my father, the brightness hangs on like this forever. For my dad, it stays bright for good."

To name Alamogordo, radiation poisoning, to hear the famous Oppenheimer quote from the ***Bhagavad Gita***—"I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds"—to disclose the central event in Ed Hobson's life, the event that would make the Westinghouse time capsule into an unhappy bit of camp, does not close out this beautifully complex work. Diagnosis is not remedial. These answers remain only as illuminating, or as evasive, as Artie's (and Powers's) wise take on the family, for it comes to them all at once that "Dad's sickness, from day one, came from his being the last man in the Northern Hemisphere who refused to think of the past as ***over***. He had never followed the universal, self-protecting practice of flattening out the past, abstracting it, rendering it neuter and quaint." Neuter and quaint: a definition of nostalgia, the great American sickness.

Why, then, Hobson's cute rewrite of history, his alternate world? We read "Hobstown," breathtaking in its implication and invention, before the kids hear Pop's posthumous voice off the reels. Artie has referred to it as "Erewhon," but it is at once grander and more immediate than Butler's chip-on-the-shoulder whack at Victorian England. "Hobstown" is full of wonder, from little Bud at the World's Fair to the war, with all its grandstand bravery sucking us in like a neat old movie. But too much tragedy looms, and the lead

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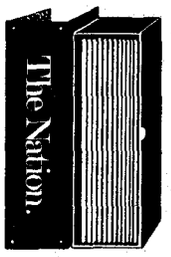

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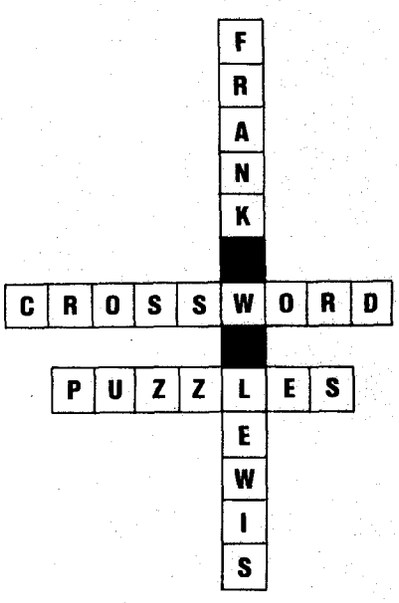

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role, Bud Middleton's, is passed on to young Ed Hobson himself. Enter, to sustain the American war effort, to project the American future, Walt Disney.

Yes, Walt. It is a stunning conception, at first hilarious with its grain of truth (Disney studios did make some of our propaganda flicks), but this Disney is a powerful fictional creation, an Undershaft, a Charlie Kane. In *Three Farmers*, Powers used Henry Ford's Peace Ship of 1915 as a historic/comedic connection. Here, Walt Disney becomes the fabricator of World World, a prefiguration of we-know-what: that "live-in monument to our ability to cross over from the unlivable emptiness of Here into a smaller world." World World, set down in the corn belt, is a magic alternative, a mini-America superior to the real thing, where Ed Hobson, chosen from all the G.I.s, will star—along with Mickey Mouse. Our greatest celebrity, the mouse, will conduct him away from the sham of World World, which now seems as shabby as a grade-school diorama. Mickey reveals to Eddie a vision of the future that is as hellish and recognizable as our own post-Alamogordo existence. Meanwhile, Walt prattles on, advising a safe, check-your-locks disengagement from the forces of evil, a moral move away from inner city to comfortable suburban concerns, but Eddie tapes over his message: "Let's start again, from scratch. Let us make a small world, a miniature of a miniature, say an even half-dozen, since we screw up everything larger. Let's model the daily workings of an unremarkable, mid-sized family, and see if we can't get it right. A family of six."

The novel's circle not yet complete, Powers extends this lovely metaphor of responsibility; each child in turn continues the text. "Somewhere, my father is teaching us the names of the constellations," Artie says. But wait: In a half-page chapter Richard Powers takes the mike and we are in yet another world, this the *real* De Kalb: "Dad has just died, of cancer, the previous winter. . . . Some of us blame his assignment at Alamogordo. . . . I, the middle son. . . . I have had an idea for how I might begin to make sense of the loss. The plans for a place to hide out in long enough to learn how to come back. Call it Powers World." A signature—van Eyck in the mirror, Hitchcock's brief appearance, Hockney's sneaker, Nabokov's *V. Sirin* inserted in the text.

But wait: We are never told, in the many solutions of *Prisoner's Dilemma*, if the reference to Hobson's choice alludes to the Milton elegy for the fellow who lined up his horses at the stable door and gave customers no choice or the Charles Laughton movie. They don't check out. They don't cancel each other, either. And, by gum, we should have been thinking all along of Thomas Hobbes's *Leviathan*: "A law of nature is a precept, or general rule, found out by reason, by which a man is forbidden to do that which is destructive of his life, or taketh away the means of preserving the same; and to omit that by which he thinketh it may be best preserved." *Prisoner's Dilemma* is a paradigm for the nuclear game, the only door left ajar by Hobbes's enlightened self-preservation, the dictates of right reason. Or, is Artie's last oracular pronouncement on his father's legacy the hard answer: "What we can't bring about in no way releases us from what we must." We finish this novel, as we do all grand fiction, ready to figure on.

Prisoner's Dilemma is magnificent. Set it up there in the stratosphere with the American novels we study like pictures in the sky. *Krazy Kat* twinkles, is simply delicious. Cantor's novel is written in five panels (Nabokov's *Pale Fire* is four cantos) drawn from the work of the cartoonist George Herriman. The last Krazy Kat strip ran in 1943. Cantor wasn't around then. His panels are neither a pious restoration (e.g., Williamsburg) nor a mindless remake (*Red River*, *To Be or Not to Be*). Cantor's use of Herriman's characters and landscape is as authentic as was the recycling of folk material—*Hansel and Gretel*, *Romeo and Juliet*—before we started to worry about all that. Aware of what he's up to, but not strung-up or self-conscious, Cantor has written a splendid "what if." What if Krazy and her pals were wooed into our world? What if our history was theirs? What if their goofy language provided a commentary on ours? What if our values . . . ? Oh gosh, oh gosh, what a joyliss day.

Here we have Krazy, that dollink, with her (she is sometimes he) perky bow, antenna ears, expressive, black oblong eyes and her pint-sized loved one, Ignatz Mouse. Offissa Bull Pup in his Dr. Denton uniform stands by at bewildered attention. Their play is forever the same: Offissa loves Krazy; Krazy loves Ignatz; Ignatz (much exasperation) pops her with a brick. Their rou-

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tine of unrequited love has been shelved for years. Ignatz would like to update the act, but "Since that day at Alamogordo, Krazy felt she, too, might be rotten." What transpires is comic strip as animated essay. Panel one, "The Gadget," gets directly to the first atomic test Ed Hobson long evaded. Terrific footwork here: Krazy adores Oppenheimer. Oppie (it's Ignatz pulling this off, don't ya know) writes to her:

> Krazy, the truth is that *you* were responsible for what I did with the bomb. It was from smiling at what happened to you, day after day in Coconino, that I got the idea that the world *ought* to feel the awesome power of the atom. People would be awakened by it to the new *necessity* of world peace, just the way Ignatz's brick awakened you into love. So, just as for you the Mouse's bricks became bouquets. Death would here touch the Resurrection. Opposites would meet.
>
> So I guess we're in this together, kitty-kat.

It's all too depressing and what a funk when Krazy finds she's been had by those guys. It's enough to bounce her right into panel two, "The Talking Cure," just about the best sendup of psychoanalysis ever, and then on to panel three, "The Talking Pictures," because, really, in this day and age, they ought ta be in pictures. Moved by Randolph Hearst himself from the entertainment to the culture page before the strip ran out, Krazy and friends have become fodder for pop/high art discourse. Like Powers, Cantor is a first-rate cultural historian, and what fun he has with all the kitsch and the pretensions of lecturing on kitsch.

Leave it to Krazy and Ignatz to figure out film courses and the couch. Give them the bomb, serious stuff, and our mess makes their repetitive act look good. Coconino, with its changing mesa scene—towers, cactuses, ravines, the cozy bourgeois interiors—is a prelapsarian setting. That is what *Krazy Kat* is about, Ignatz and all the gang falling from grace. How sad to be cast out, to live here with pain and sex where the brick won't bounce, won't raise the harmless love bump on Kat's head. Cantor's writing is superb performance art, but, unlike that genre as we know it, is never self-referential.

Working from the Herriman drawings, the novelist creates an extraordinary landscape, the references to American literature built in, the "world elsewhere" used once again, but Coconino is also the unpredictable landscape of Beckett's *Godot* or, more particularly, of *Happy Days*. We can hear Winnie, immobilized in Beckett's sand heap, cheerily sorting through her artifacts, her shopping bag the time capsule. The view is managed by someone else for Kat and Ignatz to play against. World World is fabulous, too; Disneyland by Red Grooms. Both *Prisoner's Dilemma* and *Krazy Kat* demand alternatives, the landscape of some ultima Thule, for time, history and the future are revised terms. Powers and Cantor have made an overlay, prelapsarian on postapocalyptic, to take us to that terrifying place in their recoverable past, Alamogordo.

The least beguiling panel of *Krazy Kat* is "Venus in Furs," in which the parody of porn succumbs to cleverness. Krazy and Ignatz divest themselves of their limiting cartoon animus in sexual indulgence only to discover the misery of man's animal nature. Cast out of paradise, a contemporary Adam and Eve parade their genitals. The fusion of psychiatric session (*Dr.* Ignatz, Kat, the client) and the X-rated is stunning, but repetition is built into each of these forms and the pay-off—transference, climax—is delayed too long. Then too, in this last panel Kat earns her mortal stripes as Kate, an ambiguous achievement, the cartoon made flesh not a truly redemptive story. It's a lovely tail-in-the-mouth ending though; Kate flourishes as a cabaret singer, Ignatz her pianist. Locked in bittersweet lovesong they become celebrities once more, that diminished form of humanity. Cantor knows that Kat and Ignatz were not meant to dwell among us—that we don't much care about Dorothy when she re-enters Auntie Em's kitchen—so he leaves the door ajar, closes with a snippet that's pure Kat and a couple of Brechtian lyrics that bracket his novel with style.

These books are not a brace. There is nothing so reductive to genuine art as the observation that it partakes of ideas whose times have come—Alamogordo, the invention of historical connections, the sellout of unenlightened self-protection, the terror of bearing witness. It is not by chance we guess before we're told that Mickey Mouse is Virgil, that we're waiting for the line "See you in the funny papers." Powers and Cantor have co-opted us. It is good to be with them, to feel that they expect something of us. Gosh, they are flowers in the desert, these two: collegial, even tender, revising their texts, passing the

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mike. They seem to know it's both a blessing and a great chore to make their other worlds, a freedom and enclosure.

The movies and the bomb. The dream house that does not defuse. Both Powers and Cantor have been to the end of Pynchon's *Rainbow*, where the V2 is "*not a star*, it is falling, a bright angel of death. And in the darkening and awful expanse of screen something has kept on, a film we have not learned to see." Most of our young writers have turned away, but Richard Powers and Jay Cantor have faced the footage. They're both bold, brainy, oiled and dancing. □

Past Experience

MARTIN BAUML DUBERMAN

INTIMATE MATTERS: A History of Sexuality in America. *By John D'Emilio and Estelle B. Freedman. Harper & Row. 428 pp. $24.95.*

Some people worry more about scholarly surveillance of the bedroom than they do about the government's. "Specialists of the mind," they fear, are suspect commentators on the body.

Well, it depends on the scholars. The new breed tends to regard its own sexuality in less staid, monochromatic colors than did its traditionalist predecessors. More open-minded in their own lives, these younger scholars are less blind to past diversity and less prone to rely on the sedate, over-rationalized categories previously employed by the professariat to describe—but actually to domesticate—sexual experience. John D'Emilio and Estelle B. Freedman are exemplars of the new generation and now, with *Intimate Matters: A History of Sexuality in America*, can fairly claim to be its synthesizers.

The history of sexual behavior emerged as the newest academic discipline only some dozen years ago, and its practitioners have not had an easy time of it. Traditional research sources, such as diaries and letters, have been notably scarce: even those in the past who had the courage to pursue an active sexual life rarely—under the gun of American moralism—had the courage to keep a record of it. When scarce source material did surface, researchers often had to wrestle with the conservative archivists or family donors who controlled its use. Young, untenured scholars also had to worry about career considerations: The established members of the academy who decide matters of hiring and promotion showed scant sympathy for the new history of sexuality at its inception, and even today are all too likely to dismiss the subject matter as unworthy of formal study (and to imply that those interested in it are possibly degenerate).

When, ten years ago, I proposed a course on the history of sexuality at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, it was turned down out of hand (though I had reached the exalted status of Distinguished Professor). But the climate there has recently changed; last spring President Harold M. Proshansky welcomed the idea of establishing a formal academic institute at the Graduate Center devoted to lesbian and gay studies.

In the past decade, archivists and academics have grown more accepting of the value of the history of sexuality and younger scholars more insistent on pursuing nontraditional research. As a result, a fair amount of scholarship has now appeared (though much of it in out-of-the-way publications), and the time has arrived to summarize what we have learned thus far and to point to the remaining gaps (large ones, in this case) in our knowledge. D'Emilio and Freedman have seen this need and met it admirably.

Scouring the secondary literature, including unpublished doctoral theses, they have produced, in a little more than 400 pages, a shrewd, reliable guide to the recent work on the history of sexuality in the United States. The story they tell is familiar only to fellow specialists, and it is one that deserves much wider currency.

The story, in rough outline, is of a country that linked sexuality and reproduction throughout the seventeenth and most of the eighteenth centuries. Indeed, down to the present day—in contrast to much of the world—our culture has never entirely ceased to enforce this connection, though it has added a number of permissible variations. During most of the colonial period, both men and women were regarded—with an egalitarianism not apparent in most aspects of life at the time—as creatures *naturally* endowed with sexual appetites, as well as with the willpower for controlling them. For most of this period, sexual behavior was also policed by community regulations, as well as internalized and monitored within each family unit; far from being viewed as a private matter, "correct" sexuality was considered a cornerstone of a godly commonwealth and therefore came automatically under the supervision of public officials (meaning, of course, a select group of white men).

The nineteenth century saw some movement away from the emphasis on reproduction. Without losing its attachment to reproduction as the central justifying motive for sex, the white middle class edged toward "romance" as an essential ingredient in relationships, and also toward the view (not entirely compatible with romance), that the woman, naturally uninterested in sex, had the obligation to discourage the naturally licentious man. By mid-century, a small group of free-thinking individuals were challenging marital sexuality as a desideratum and moving to join utopian communities that stressed alternatives ranging from celibacy to polygamy. As cities grew in size, so did their populations of single men and women, and opportunities for both commercial prostitution and same-gender contacts proliferated.

These challenges to the primacy of monogamous, marital, reproductive sexuality called forth a vigorous protest movement epitomized by the anti-vice rampages of Anthony Comstock. "Savage" blacks and "ignorant" immigrants became the symbolic targets for a morality crusade grounded in a profoundly American sex-negativism that has always had as its obverse an obsessive fascination with the subject. But by the early twentieth century, significant economic changes were matched by significant shifts in attitudes toward sexuality. The increasing availability of the automobile, the movie house and the diaphragm were symptoms and abettors of a new morality. Even writers of marriage manuals applauded nonprocreative eroticism within marriage (though many still cautioned against the perils of extramarital contact). Still, it was not until the 1960s that sex came to be valued as "self-expression"—as the gauge of happiness, the measure of identity—with such assumptions fueling public movements for the liberation of

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female and gay sexuality.

This summary hardly does justice to the fullness and subtlety of *Intimate Matters*. It is a tribute to its authors that while they concentrate—inevitably, given the nature of the historical evidence that has survived—on white, middle-class, heterosexual attitudes and activities, they have done everything possible to include discussions of other classes, races and sexual orientations.

They skillfully contrast the middle-class emphasis in the late nineteenth century, and to some extent down to the present day, on achieving emotional intimacy or even spiritual union through sexual intercourse, with the more frankly physical exultation that appeared within the working class and also to some extent in rural and frontier areas (the "blending of hearts" in contrast to "tall fucking"). Yet at the same time, D'Emilio and Freedman remind us of Kinsey's 1948 findings that working-class men tend to avoid foreplay and to move as quickly as possible to orgasm—thus diluting their reputation for "naturalness" and "prowess."

As regards race, D'Emilio and Freedman unflinchingly detail the widespread sexual exploitation of female slaves and, for the later period, shrewdly highlight how prostitution came to be used by whites as a symbolic vehicle for preserving the image of black women as licentious (even as they used the mythology of rape as a device for marking black men as animals). But the authors go one step beyond this by denying that interracial sex, even during slavery, can be characterized purely in terms of the victimization of black women: "Not only did black women resist sexual assault successfully, but in addition, sincerely affectionate unions sometimes formed between white men and black women." Nor do the authors hesitate in asserting that sexual patterns for lower-class blacks have long differed from those of middle-class whites in taking for granted premarital experience and in relying on a kinship network to soften the consequences of illegitimate births.

But perhaps the most innovative part of this study is the attention paid to the lesbian and gay experience—previously notable by its absence from standard texts. *Intimate Matters* includes the history of same-gender relationships with an ease, directness and lack of polemic that conveys the authors' sense of the naturalness of such relationships. Occasionally their account even becomes a bit bland. In discussing the cult of romantic friendship prevalent during the mid-nineteenth century, D'Emilio and Freedman waffle a little (as does the historical evidence itself), as to whether or not such friendships "sheltered" sexual contact. Similarly, their assertion that those engaged in same sex relationships did not find it necessary "to hide or deny their passionate attachments" until the last quarter of the century passes too quickly over the secretive turmoil apparent in the life of a Walt Whitman. The authors also seem a bit late in dating the appearance of a gay subculture in American cities at "the middle decades" of the twentieth century. As George Chauncey Jr.'s recent work on gay life in New York City has shown, a sense of differentness, and an effort to construct social opportunities and cultural institutions, was already strikingly apparent in the 1920s.

There were a few other times—very few—that I found myself questioning a given interpretation. D'Emilio and Freedman underestimate, I believe, the emancipatory climate for women at the nineteenth-century Oneida community, and overestimate the "strains" there of communal sex and child rearing. When, in regard to the late nineteenth century, they cite "substantial evidence" for their conclusion that "overtly sexual relationships among unmarried college-educated women were not at all uncommon," they seem to be forcing the data—unless one is willing to equate kissing and hugging with genital sex. For our own day, I think D'Emilio and Freedman are overly kind to younger men in saying that "many" of them have abandoned "a double standard of behavior for their female peers"; traditional notions of male and female differences may have weakened among younger heterosexuals, but as I read the evidence, the shift is more in rhetoric than in behavior.

More generally, D'Emilio and Freedman's text occasionally suffers from an occupational hazard of all historians: we are far better at describing past events than at analyzing their causes. Historians have so overworked "the spread of capitalism" and "the rise of cities" as causal explanations—we have used those developments to explain so many disparate phenomena—that they have lost their ability to explain anything specific. D'Emilio and Freedman are far more honest than most historians in acknowledging that it "is more difficult" to account for a given shift in attitude "than

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to describe it." Nonetheless, they resort a bit too often to listing economic changes as if those had determined—rather than, sometimes, had merely accompanied—the reshaping of American values. The authors also tend to see so many shifts in those values as "profound," "historic" or "major" that we are left a little uneasy as to the actual nature and depth of each purported transformation.

But given the limitations inherent in trying to reconstruct the history of sexual behavior, and the still fragmentary nature of the evidence, no one could have done better than D'Emilio and Freedman. Certainly no American historians to date have done nearly so well. The works of a few Europeanists—K.J. Dover on the Greeks, Paul Veyne on the Romans, Guido Ruggiero on the Italians, Lawrence Stone on the English and Michel Foucault on everybody—have been marked by more theoretical daring. But not even those historians can match the comprehensiveness and care with which D'Emilio and Freedman have surveyed the sexual patterns for an entire nation across four centuries. *Intimate Matters* summarizes the state of our knowledge about sexual behavior in the United States in clear prose and with discriminating insight. This fine book will be definitive for some time to come. □

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The Boys From Brazil

LINDA RABBEN

SHOWDOWN. *By Jorge Amado. Bantam. 422 pp. $18.95.*

It's a mistake to see Jorge Amado as either a great literary artist or a soft-core pornographer, although North American reviewers have characterized him as both. The grand old man of Brazilian letters is, rather, a twentieth-century Charles Dickens: master craftsman, sentimental hack, great storyteller, vulgarian. Like Dickens, he pleases the literary masses while unsettling the elite, who cannot decide whether to hold him in esteem or contempt. One of the last exemplars of a regional tradition whose roots stretch down to the bedrock of classical pastoral, he is also a political novelist in a distinctively modern vein. His protagonists are the wretched of the earth, idealized beyond belief.

A former Communist, Amado left Brazil in the early 1940s for Europe, China and the Soviet Union. Later, he retreated from the militancy of his earlier books and found a popular formula for best-sellers. Like his forty-year-old novel *The Violent Land*, *Showdown* takes place in the cacao-producing frontier country of Bahia, but it has none of the political edge that made the earlier work so powerful. Set at the turn of the century, it tells the story of the settlers who later became Brazil's proletariat: gunslingers, landless farmworkers, prostitutes, peddlers and cowboys, many of them the children of slaves. The characters endure the archetypal troubles of frontier life (an invasion by bandits, a catastrophic flood, a plague) and find joy where they can, in sex, romance, folk rituals and celebrations. The book ends with their defeat at the hands of an unscrupulous and decadent urbanite, who represents the forces of "progress."

As in all Amado's novels, *Showdown*'s characters are drawn literally larger than life, with great big hearts and giant genitalia. The black protagonist, Tição, is "a huge, proud animal . . . a happy, transparent creature" with glistening white teeth. (Amado always serves the Brazilian myth of racial democracy by including at least one character of each color.) Fadul, the obligatory Lebanese trader, is a lovable thief with an enormous penis much admired by legions of whores. (Almost all Amado's female characters are whores.) And Natário, a gunslinger turned landowner, is the classic Mediterranean man of honor mixed with prescient primitive; women scarcely say hello before lying down before him. All this is the stuff of 1940s westerns: as a *Time* reviewer put it, Amado is "Louis L'Amour with a Portuguese accent."

The myth these characters are meant to serve concerns not only the opening and closing of the Bahian frontier eighty years ago but also the building and destruction of an idyllic communistic community. Amado's paradise is full of paradoxes. The narrator tells us that "because nobody here orders anybody else around, everything is done by common consent and not out of fear of punishment." In fact, this is a world of ferocious hierarchies whose rulers enforce their dominion through force and fraud. The poor lead "miserable lives," and feudal landlords hover over the scene, albeit at a safe distance. Benign and macho men of honor, they provide the model for male behavior: "Whoever wins power and authority also takes on obligations. He must fulfill them." The women, of course, are strong but submissive; they know their place and do as they're told. The only one who doesn't is a nymphomaniac.

Showdown's feudal paradise and its destruction by the venal forces of urban society are both completely consistent with the regional tradition Amado represents. The British critic Raymond Williams used the phrase "residual community" to describe the world of the pastoral, where the idea of rural community, selectively remembered, serves "as idealization or fantasy, or as an exotic . . . leisure function of the dominant order . . . usually at some distance from [it]." Amado's paradise is safely remote from present-day Brazil. The reader becomes a tourist in 1908 Bahia, watching the natives quaintly dance. This vision threatens nothing.

Showdown's past contains many echoes of contemporary Brazil. There is still a lawless frontier, where landowners hire private armies to force homesteaders off disputed property, and look for "a

Linda Rabben is the staff person of the Brazil Network, a Washington-based organization of nonprofit groups and individuals.

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capable thug to ride herd" on their sharecroppers. Corruption is still rampant, just as it was in 1908: "At the land office, whose wheels the colonel had oiled in advance, there wasn't the slightest difficulty with the registration of the survey and the filing of the titles." But the country as a whole has changed a great deal, which is why Amado's is a dying genre in Brazilian literature. When Amado wrote *The Violent Land* in the 1940s, nearly 70 percent of Brazil's population lived in the countryside; today, 70 percent live in cities. Two of those cities, São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, are among the largest in the world.

Contemporary Brazilian literature is far more varied than novels like *Showdown* might lead one to believe. Scores of novelists are writing about urban life, but most of the books that have found their way to the United States concern rural themes. For us, too, Brazilian culture is residual. Many of the translated novels serve to perpetuate not only our stereotypes of Brazil but our idealization of a mythic rural past. And while Amado's rollicking, flashy books are quickly translated and hyped in the United States, more challenging and relevant writers remain virtually unknown.

IN THIS REVIEW

AND STILL THE EARTH. *By Ignacio de Loyola Brandão. Avon (out of print).*

ZERO. *By Ignacio de Loyola Brandão. Avon. 317 pp. Paper $4.50.*

EMPEROR OF THE AMAZON. *By Márcio Souza. Avon. 190 pp. Paper $2.95.*

MAD MARIA. *By Márcio Souza. Avon. 390 pp. Paper $4.95.*

THE ORDER OF THE DAY: AN UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OPUS. *By Márcio Souza. Avon. 223 pp. Paper $4.50.*

A number of good writers, like Márcio Souza (*Emperor of the Amazon*, *Mad Maria* and the satirical *The Order of the Day*) still work with rural themes in the regional tradition. But the military dictatorship's repression in the 1960s and 1970s had the paradoxical effect of spawning great numbers of books by urban writers, some protesting the effects of dictatorship, others documenting the middle-class retreat from politics into an almost hermetically sealed world. In the first category, Ignacio de Loyola Brandão made a great splash with his 1969 novel *Zero*, which was not published in Brazil until 1975 and was quickly banned by the dictatorship. *Zero* is a brilliant but uneven portrait of the mood of the dictatorship, jumpily experimental, with few convincing characters. The protagonist, a supremely ordinary man, becomes a terrorist in an anomic urban landscape. (Since he spends considerable time either beating his wife or having brutal sex with her, feminists may find parts of the book repulsive. But then violent sex is not at all uncommon in recent Brazilian fiction; for some writers, the ideal woman is little more than a set of orifices on legs.) Brandão later wrote *And Still the Earth*, about a dystopian future when all of Brazil has become a desert and the cities have become automobile graveyards. This unrelievedly grim work has not had the same success as *Zero*, but its vision remains haunting, especially as its predictions of devastated rain forests and urban breakdown begin to come true.

Other young writers, like Márcia Denser and Vinícius Vianna (neither of whose books have been translated into English), describe a suffocating world of high-rise apartments and emotional isolation. Vianna's *Dedé Mamata* ("Free Rider") recounts a young man's apolitical rebellion against psychological oppression: Despite his parents' and grandparents' militant example, he turns to drug dealing rather than joining the organized resistance to the dictatorship. The book is suffused with bitterness and nihilism, as is Denser's *Diana Caçadora* ("Diana the Huntress"), a woman's account of meaningless or brutal sexual encounters that provide both the escape from and the excuse for her despairing devotion to her writing. These authors' styles are as far as one can imagine from Amado's slick depictions of the vanishing countryside.

More romantic, and perhaps more effective, are the memoirs of two veterans of the late 1960s and early 1970s, when government repression was at its most violent. Fernando Gabeira (now a Green politician) and Alfredo Sirkis (who seems to have retreated to the counterculture) won literary prizes in the early 1980s for their accounts of their lives as urban guerrillas. Sirkis's *Os Carbonários* ("The

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Carbonari") is the more vividly written, an anguished, suspenseful chronicle of his transformation from student activist to desperate fugitive. Gabeira's two volumes, *O Que É Isso, Companheiro?* ("What's Up, Comrade?") and *O Crepúsculo do Macho* ("Twilight of the Macho"), are cooler and more sardonic. Until Amado's sales surpassed theirs, Gabeira's books held the record as the biggest best-sellers in Brazilian publishing history. But the U.S. boom in Latin American literature has not extended to the memoirs of left-wing former terrorists, and it seems unlikely that these works will be translated into English. Another excellent example of this genre is Frei Betto's memoir, ***Batismo de Sangue*** ("Baptism of Blood"). In the late 1960s Betto was a young priest, a confidant of guerrilla leader Carlos Marighella. Under brutal police torture, he involuntarily revealed his meeting place with Marighella, who was then ambushed in the street as the horrified priest was forced to look on.

Most of the currently available Brazilian books have taken at least five years to reach English-speaking audiences. Mário de Andrade's modernist classic *Macunaíma* (1928) was not published in full in English until 1984. Consequently, the great diversity and liveliness of Brazilian literature are almost unknown to American readers. Even Amado has not achieved the same fame here as his Spanish-speaking contemporaries, though he is every bit as skilled. Despite its beauty, the Portuguese language is "the sepulcher of literature." Fortunately, most recent translations have been at least competent. Gregory Rabassa, translator of ***Showdown***, has said that he struggled to find English words for about a dozen Portuguese terms for "penis," but he has not mentioned his tactful omission of the most logical English translation of the slang word for "vagina" that Amado habitually uses. Rabassa's translation preserves Amado's flowing, muscular style, while softening some of his crudities. His and other translators' valiant efforts make it more likely that Brazilian novels will reach American audiences.

It would take a book to trace all the currents of contemporary Brazilian literature. Amado cannot be said to represent the "mainstream" of Brazilian writing, since it has as many streams as the Amazon has tributaries. They flow out of the backlands, down to the cities, into the slums, beneath the high-rises and onto the beaches. Some of their themes—the grinding ordeal of change, the suffocation of dictatorship, the anomie of modern life—offer little comfort. Read Amado if you want to escape to the cliff overlooking the fertile valley where men are men and women are supine. Or take a look at those other books, the ones on the upper shelves, where you have to stretch to reach them. □

GIOTTO'S "ST. FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE BIRDS"

They've arrived at his bare feet as calmly as the poor
who have come to expect the flayed habit from his back.
They attend in pairs—the way it was once said souls first
were made—indifferent to the one tree standing for all
knowledge here on earth, and from which they cannot eat.

Magpie, goose and crow; sparrows in their impoverished
suits; heron, rooster and descending doves, have shaken
loose of skyways and cloistered bush to feed in the flat
aura and blaze of evening. But his extended hand offers
a blank perspective, and so they consider the intangible

kingdom of prayer as they see that bread will not fall
to them all their days, that finally this burnished glow
might be every reward, all there will ever be beyond
the invisible example, the finite comfort of his words—
"Brethren, lesser cherubim, true apostles to the trees,

so that you shall be spared a degree of faithlessness
in this world, I reveal to you these wounds, the drab
roses and candle ends of my arms, the last things I have
to celebrate the explicit ecstasy of air . . . feast then
on this sparsely flavored dust, and doing so, be restored

to the bright dominion of wind. Go as our good reminder
above the confabulating leaves, the glorious and simple
sign of your wings admonishing the weight of our desires—
sing there the spirit unadorned, selfless and spellbound
as smoke rising into the gold and intransitive fields of light."

Christopher Buckley

BECAUSE I WAS DYING

I had been looking at all dead things in a different light—
Not just the photo of my darling watching sadly from the wall,
As in those gloomy Susquehanna nights, stroking my hair,
He'd murmur, I don't like it either, I don't want you to be dead.
But now he is, and not him only, but the lovely
Brownish-black pods swaying twisted on the trees;
An old man in his autumn sweater knit of cloudy wool
Making his steady way—for Time is also place, where all souls congregate.
And yet, how lucky ever to have been alive!
Before the going back to the crepuscular gray dawn.
Enfolding of cells to momentary stillness.

And a dying gold bee spoke to me,
Whirling in her death dance like a sufi:
"Before you go down to the earth,
Give something back to earth and be at peace"—
Nothing so real or magnetic as this design.

Liz Rosenberg

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THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Macbeth
Doctor Faustus
Splendid Mummer
The Gospel at Colonus

To watch actors of the first rank performing in one of the theater's most hallowed masterpieces and failing and *knowing* that they're failing has some of the morbid fascination of watching documentary footage of a genuine disaster. The actors *must* continue in their roles; they are not permitted by winks, or asides, to win the audience's pity or complicity. Though, in fact, in the titanically disastrous *Macbeth* that has arrived at the Mark Hellinger Theatre after a long out-of-town tryout period, Christopher Plummer does attempt to wriggle out of responsibility for the general debacle by turning in so perfunctory a performance that we know he's just fulfilling the terms of his contract. He delivers Macbeth's line after he's slain Young Siward—"Thou wast born of woman"—as a Henny Youngman one-liner. Laugh? If a horse had dropped a turd, it couldn't have got more laughs.

For a production to be so uniformly bad as this *Macbeth* you might suspect some central misguiding light, a wrongheaded, deforming idea on the part of an overzealous director, like the splendidly awful gay *Richard III* in Neil Simon's *The Goodbye Girl*. No such luck. *Macbeth* had two directors—first Kenneth Frankel, then Zoe Caldwell was called in to caulk the seams of the leaking vessel—but between them they hadn't a single idea about Macbeth, his wife, treason, witchcraft, warfare, the psychology of guilt, or anything else an intelligent staging of the play might make a statement about. The actors were left to perform the play much as singers with no knowledge of Italian might have sung Verdi's operatic version, as a vocal exercise. In this regard, as in most others, Christopher Plummer was the worst offender, for while Alan Scarfe as Macduff could at least differentiate, tonally, between grief, anger and stern resolve, Plummer could only adjust his volume. The blocking was simple and static. The witches were disposed symmetrically about their unseen cauldron; any large number of thanes was grouped in neat rows to listen attentively to whoever was declaiming; in the final battle scene Young Siward plunges upon Macbeth's dagger as though intending suicide, while the combat with Macduff, conducted in slow motion and in silhouette, is over in two dull clanks and a *coup de grâce*. It was a cheat to rival the king and duke's production of *The Royal Nonesuch* in *Huckleberry Finn*.

The directorate having had no idea what was to be done, the scene designer, Daphne Dare, provided a set on which nothing much *could* be done—four steps, three slabs, two columns and a hole in the ground. The slabs and columns were of grey simulated ferroconcrete, but given antigravity properties so that every few scenes one of the monoliths would rise into the loft. Dare's design managed to inhibit any large physical action without creating an illusion or evoking a mood, and Patricia Zipprodt's costumes accomplished the same thing on their own smaller scale. "Ah, what avails the sceptr'd race!" Lady Macbeth must have thought when she saw what the royal haberdashers had provided for her spouse and herself.

As for the royal couple, Glenda Jackson acquits herself more honorably than Plummer, ornamenting most scenes with an appropriate bit of business not strictly indicated by the text. But she is acting in a void. The courtiers at the banquet scene are all as lifeless as Banquo: there is neither collusion nor accusation in their demeanor; they are there, like us, to observe the performances of the two stars. The sleepwalking scene is without pathos or poetic justice. In fact, Jackson had so far failed to bind a spell that she made Shakespeare's most famous soliloquy for a woman seem thinly written.

What went wrong? Why did the ship sink? Because none of the text's many blanks were filled in. What are the social and psychological dynamics of the country, and the marriages, in which such crimes take place? Without giving all the attendant lords some visible and compelling motivation, without telling choreography for the witches and the opposing armies, the Scotland ruled successively by Duncan, Macbeth and Malcolm is a mere concert hall, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The only intelligence expended on this *Macbeth* came from the agency that created the TV spot advertising the show during its long preview period. *Caveat spectator!*

As *Macbeth* was previewing on Broadway, a cast of seven at La MaMa on East 4th Street was presenting a production of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* that was altogether livelier and more intelligent, though, even so, scarcely an Obie contender in any department—except perhaps for Jerry Rojo's set design, which turned La MaMa's cavernous Annex performing space into a mini-cathedral. Christopher McCann's Faustus was, like Plummer's Macbeth, largely a vocal exercise, but that is excusable in a work that is essentially a dramatic poem. McCann's is one of those voices, like Patricia Neal's, that has its own innate interest independent of what's being said. The rest of the Shaliko Company weren't really hammy or shameless enough to deal with Marlowe's orotundities and primeval farce in a spirit that would have brought their enterprise to life. Regina Taylor's Mephostophilis was particularly wan and well behaved.

The nut a director must crack in the case of *Faustus* as well as in *Macbeth* is how to deal with the supernatural element. All that spookhouse stuff can't just be trimmed away (though Plummer does sprint through the Act IV apparition scene as though it were *The Flight of the Bumblebee*); somehow a valid contemporary meaning must be attached to all those witches and devils, and with *Faustus* that's particularly hard, since a lot of its supernaturalism is, deliberately, a hoot. The first great gay playwright was also a pioneer of camp. *Faustus* would have been a perfect text for Ludlam to have staged in Central Park. The Shaliko Company were underequipped and overearnest, but even so I'm glad to have had a chance to see a reasonably faithful production. If a thing is worth doing at all, it's worth doing poorly.

Splendid Mummer by Lonne Elder 3d, at the American Place Theatre, is a one-man show for the actor Charles S. Dutton, who impersonates the black Shakespearean actor Ira Aldridge (1807–1867). The vividest moments are Dutton's delivery of various set pieces from *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *The Merchant of Venice* and *Titus Andronicus*. Except as Aaron the Moor, Dutton's Shakespearean style is not particularly barnstorming, and I've always supposed (and Lonne Elder seems to suppose the same) that Victorian tragedians ranted and postured in a manner modern audiences would look at askance. It was probably wise of Dutton and the director, Woodie King Jr., to moderate Aldridge's acting style and

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to achieve their period effects when Dutton plays Aldridge the man, not Aldridge the actor.

Unfortunately, Aldridge's *curriculum vitae* was not rich in surprises; he lived pretty much the life you'd expect of the first black to play Othello: he was the son of a black minister in New York City, whose footsteps he refused to follow; he became the protégé of a leading actor of the time, moved to London, quickly progressed from supernumerary to star, and married an older white woman. The London critics panned him, but his tours in the provinces and on the Continent were successful. He philandered, and charmed his wife into raising his mistress's child. All this Dutton, as Aldridge, narrates with the confidence of one who believes himself a great raconteur. In fact, like all other very successful people who insist on talking for two hours about their dear old dads and early triumphs and the unkindness of reviewers, Ira Aldridge was a bit of a bore. Still, I can imagine *Splendid Mummer* touring all the college theaters of the country for the next many years, after the manner of similar shows about other icons of the Victorian era, from Mark Twain to Sarah Bernhardt. Elder does bring the man to life, and gives him a plausible style, fustian but honest withal. On the other hand, I'd rather imagine Charles Dutton inciting a rebellion at the Mark Hellinger, and usurping the role of Macbeth.

After appearing at BAM in Brooklyn, touring the country and being broadcast by PBS, *The Gospel at Colonus* has finally arrived on Broadway, and if Bob Telson (music) and Lee Breuer (book, lyrics and direction) don't get Tonys for their accomplishment, there's no justice. (Actually, Robert Fitzgerald should share the honors, since the text is a recension of his translation of Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*.)

As the enthusiastic *Village Voice* reviewer observed, this is gospel music for people who feel like Ruth amid the alien corn when they go to church. It's soul for secular humanists, who feel leery of offers to be born again when they come in one package with the Resurrection, Noah's Ark and infant damnation, but whose sails will swell to Sophocles' poetry. Not to put too fine a point on it, I have seen *The Gospel at Colonus* three times now—at BAM, on PBS and at the Lunt-Fontanne, and each time my heart has swelled, my throat has lumped and I've cried a steady flow of wedding-march tears, feeling foolish and elevated and swept away. I'd happily go back and see it again tomorrow. I love it. I hope it runs forever. And mine has been a typical reaction.

Even those of a phlegmatic temper not disposed to such transports of catharsis will be stirred by the sheer gotta-dance, gotta-sing energy of Telson's music and the performances it receives from a stage brimming over with inspired musicians. Virtually everyone in the cast (the largest to appear on a Broadway stage in many years) merits his or her own guerdon of praise. My own personal socks were most knocked off by: J.D. Steele, who sang with his own J.D. Steele Singers and conducted the massed voices of the Institutional Radio Choir; Carolyn Johnson-White, whose moment of glory late in the show is the stuff of theater legend; and the composite Oedipus acted and sung by Morgan Freeman (late of *Driving Miss Daisy*), Clarence Fountain and the Five Blind Boys of Alabama. ☐

FILMS.

PETER BISKIND

The Manchurian Candidate

The Manchurian Candidate is a wonderful piece of cold war kitsch. Made in 1962, dumped by its studio (United Artists), which couldn't figure out what to do with it, the film was subsequently withheld by Frank Sinatra (who starred in and owned a piece of it) for reasons best known to himself. Meanwhile, it developed a substantial underground reputation. As producer and screenwriter George Axelrod, who adapted Richard Condon's novel for the screen, put it, "The movie went from failure to classic without passing through success."

Now, all that is about to change. *The Manchurian Candidate* has been placed in general release for the first time in twenty-six years, essentially as a trailer for the upcoming home video version, but the audience response has been so overwhelming that the video has been delayed to exploit the movie's box-office potential.

Peter Biskind is executive editor of Premiere.

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The plot of this pre-Oswald paranoid thriller is this: During the Korean War a bunch of American soldiers, including the characters played by Laurence Harvey and Frank Sinatra, are captured, brainwashed and then released to a hero's welcome. All's well that ends well, apparently, except that Harvey has been programmed to assassinate an American presidential candidate whose running mate is a McCarthy-style demagogue and who also happens to be Harvey's stepfather. Why would the Russians, you ask, wish to put a right-wing thug within reach of the White House? Because this poor soul, despite his flamboyant political style, is in thrall to his dragon-lady wife (marvelously played by Angela Lansbury), who nurtures his witch-hunting career but is, in an ironic twist, too, too tight with the Russkies!

It was a favorite conceit of the cold war liberals, in their pathetic attempts to turn anti-Communism against the anti-Communists, that the McCarthyite right was so destructive to the American political fabric that it might as well have been sponsored by the Russians. ***The Manchurian Candidate*** takes this conceit one step further and imagines it as the literal truth.

But what makes ***The Manchurian Candidate*** so fascinating, in addition to its loony premise, is the mix of 1950s movie mannerisms and over-the-top touches that apparently made this film too weird to work when it first came out. Like the juicy kiss planted on Harvey's mouth by his conniving mom, who has come between him and his true love, the Barbie doll daughter of a liberal senator. Oddly enough, Harvey's P.O.W. conditioning is set off when he plays solitaire and uncovers a red queen. A ***red queen***? Could it be that Oedipus drives the cold war?

Or take the Janet Leigh character with her bullet-shaped breasts, who vamps Sinatra in a bizarrely disturbing scene on a train. Or the brainwashing session itself, presided over by an unintentionally comic official of the Pavlov Institute, in which Soviet-style psychological conditioning is imagined as nothing more alien than a monotonous lecture on the care and feeding of hydrangeas conducted by a small-town American garden club, after which Harvey is told to shoot one of his own men through the head. Who's driving whom crazy? When all is said and done, ***The Manchurian Candidate*** is considerably more paranoid about us than it is about them. □

FILMS.

JONATHAN BAUMBACH

Wings of Desire

The idea is winning. Angels walk the earth invisibly and listen in on the unspoken thoughts of people who interest them. The idea is also potentially funny, but Wim Wenders's new film—his first in Germany in ten years—rarely cracks a smile. Its deadpan quality gives it an inadvertent charm, a kind of secret wit. The mostly black-and-white cinematography by Henri Alekan, who photographed Cocteau's *La Bèlle et La Bête*, suggests the otherworldly elegance of a Cocteau-like dream.

Wenders has always been more interested in states of soul than in narrative. Among the big three of the German new wave (along with Werner Herzog and R.W. Fassbinder), he has been the doleful poet of the episodic. His production company calls itself (in English) Road Movies—a whimsical tribute to a half-dozen American genre films of brief moment in the late 1960s. Obviously Wenders himself is the king of the road movie, and perhaps the only filmmaker of note still checking out the open road. His films—even his most plotted work, *The American Friend* (my favorite)—are in no hurry to get to the seemingly no particular place they're going. What they ask of us as filmgoers is trusting patience.

Wings of Desire spends its first hour almost solely in ambiance, offering us an angel-eyed, and angel-eared, view of certain aspects of Berlin. The black-and-white cinematography connotes the solemn, colorless universe of angel apprehension. Wenders's film is about the humanizing of one of the angels, played by Bruno Ganz, an actor who brings intelligence and weight to whatever he does. When the film breaks into color, and initially the shift is startling and beautiful, it is because Ganz's angel is having a human episode. Angels perceive the ethereal and unheard (they are like certain artists), but they are cut off from human emotions. When Ganz's

Jonathan Baumbach is a novelist who writes about film. His latest book, a collection of stories, is The Life and Times of Major Fiction *(Fiction Collective).*

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dour angel sees a circus trapeze artist in mock angel wings (Solveig Dommartin), he falls in love with her and the film takes on the color that symbolizes his human transformation.

There is no dailiness in this film—no concern with the trivial particularities of a life. The angels are tuned in to preconscious thoughts, the language of the inexpressible. As it is with fables, life-and-death matters are often at issue. What these angels give us are readings of the soul. The lack of concern with the prosaic needs of the flesh gives this film an abstract quality, a remoteness, that is at times almost too rarefied to bear. We must engage this film on its own terms, watch it like eavesdropping angels ourselves, or lose it altogether.

Peter Falk, in a subplot, plays himself performing in a film on the Holocaust being shot in the same part of Berlin in which the two central angels hang out invisibly in their desultory angelic manner. See how easily Wenders's film lends itself to mockery. In fact, there's a suggestion along the way that Peter Falk—the character—was once an angel himself.

Wings of Desire has an ingenuousness, a sweetness of spirit, that triumphs over the conventional rigidities of its calculation. I am tempted to say that it is a film steeped in German romanticism, except that Alan Rudolph's recent *Made in Heaven* has similar thematic concerns. Wenders, like Rudolph, though on a much higher level, continues (after his brief Hollywood flirtation) to make quirky personal films that offer little or no concession to the impatience, actually poor concentration, of audiences raised on the mindless up-tempo pace of television sitcoms. *Wings of Desire* has its pleasures—it is both touching and elegant—but requires viewers, I suspect, with just a touch at least of the angelic. □

JONATHAN EDWARDS AND THE QUAKING BOG
Hawley Bog, Hawley, Mass.

After climbing woodland the half-mile from the road,
we pick our way along a broken vertebrae of planks
half-submerged in mud, like rungs of a fallen ladder.
It is midautumn, and recent rains have further
slicked the boards laid down who knows how long ago.

Still the dozen of us climb, through these Berkshire woods
Jonathan Edwards might once have walked, after leaving
his congregation. Then, suddenly, toward the back,
one of our group slips off and into the muck
up to her waist. At first we think she's stuck,

but a chain of arms soon eases her out, her jeans
having taken on a brown like a skin of thick,
burnt gravy. We laugh, and push on, but if Edwards
were bringing up the rear of our little field trip,
this narrow gangplank rotting beneath our feet

might be for him the thin line all of us walk
above the "wide and bottomless pit," where the sliding foot
is stayed by only a merciful God. There at our back,
he would be the last of us to see at last the bog
appearing in a clearing—smaller than we'd imagined.

It trembles a little as we step toward its middle,
a spongy sphagnum drum or trampoline whose springs
have long since rusted tight, pitching no one toward heaven.
Yet for Edwards our climb would well have been worth it,
as the bog itself could be heaven, or a heaven-on-earth:

where only a few of us may gather at one time,
where each step we take reverberates across
the surface and comes back to us, across
the few rare scrub cranberries scattered here,
and where, were we to sink down through the layers,

the enzymes would preserve not our bodies but our souls.

Peter Schmitt

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It came to pass that when the three boys grew to manhood, there was hate and bad blood among Jew, Christian and Moslem. So that the Jew, raised as a Moslem, slew the Moslem of Christian birth. The Christian, born of Islam, put to sword the Jew born of Christ and the Moslem, sired by a Jew, strangled the Christian born of Islam.

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MORAL: Life without religion is good, very good.

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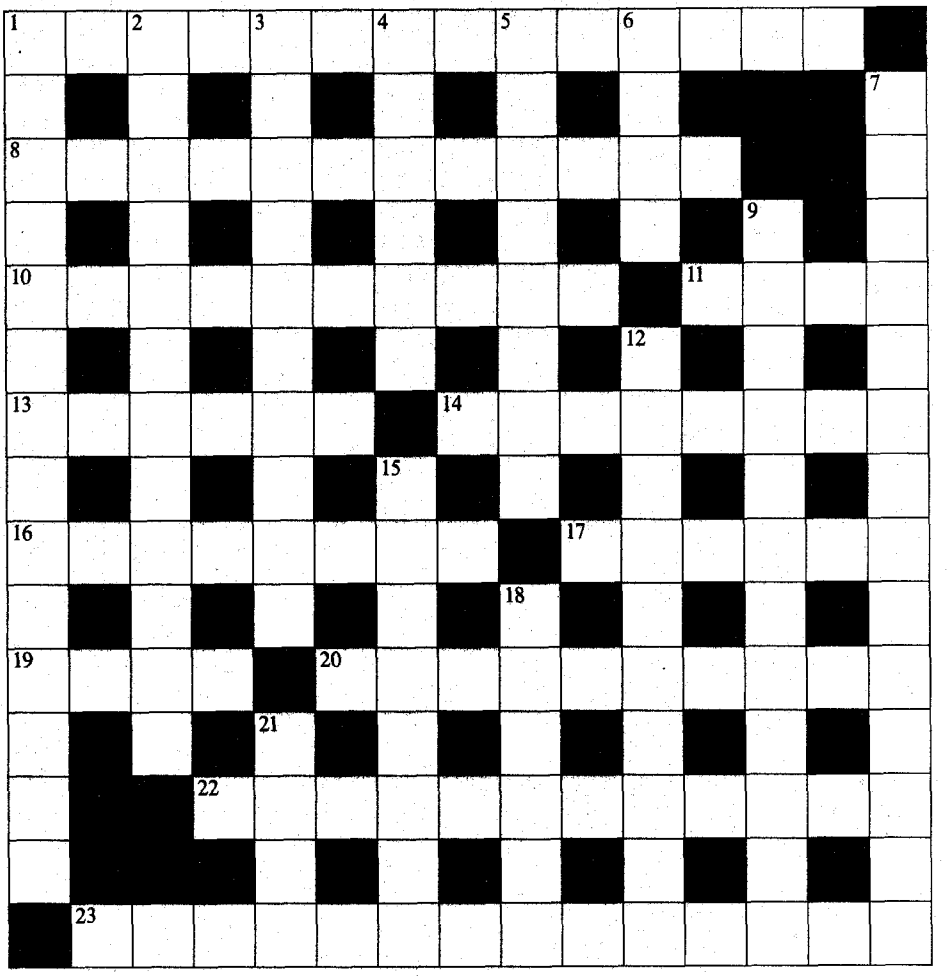

ACROSS

1 Enough, as they say! (2,4,2,1,5)
8 Safeguard talk of a dependent political unit. (12)
10 Treating Ed badly, the way some tried to keep our schools from being. (10)
11 Bad concepts sometimes do in production, with a large amount being put into British money one time, commonly. (4)
13 A lawyer in a well-known case put the conservative woman's organization on the line. (6)
14 The extremes of a strange triangle take your breath away, perhaps! (8)
16 Well-met persons might, but only the pugnacious would with a chip on the shoulder. (3,2,3)
17 When the curtain goes up, you might see how to make amends around a number of it. (3,3)
19 Kind of put in a certain place or category. (4)
20 His stagecraft was showy, certainly, and the runner of note in it was certainly not a young woman! (6,4)
22 Military tea, as the British say, just ordinary for the Sky Pilot! (4,8)
23 Those who argue for lowering taxes might end up being just what the Coast Guard ordered! (7,7)

DOWN

1 What the old-fashioned doctor did for a tummy-ache seems a proper subject for the upper classes. (7,7)
2 Penmen such as Marley? (A good author shouldn't need one.) (5,7)
3 What seems to happen to the gawky teen-ager all at once? It might have to be cleared out. (10)
4 A poor mutt, perhaps, and the way it went like the old dog of song. (6)
5 A simple tune gives expression to what the room might have, if you want to keep it fresh. (3,5)
6 A sign of the old-fashioned hash house, as well as "TEAS," possibly. (4)
7 They have more than one interpretation, a trick mule being so, and needing straightening out! (6,8)
9 It might be a big business enterprise now, but once was just a rock. (12)
12 Vainly expected to be a boiler? (They tended their growth this way in the '60s.) (7,3)
15 If you're a transgresssor, that's the way the law comes, as a polite opening remark. (5,3)
18 Obtained here in old Rome, being of a horrible nature. (6)
21 Is one of those things associated with Scottish banks sort of bare? (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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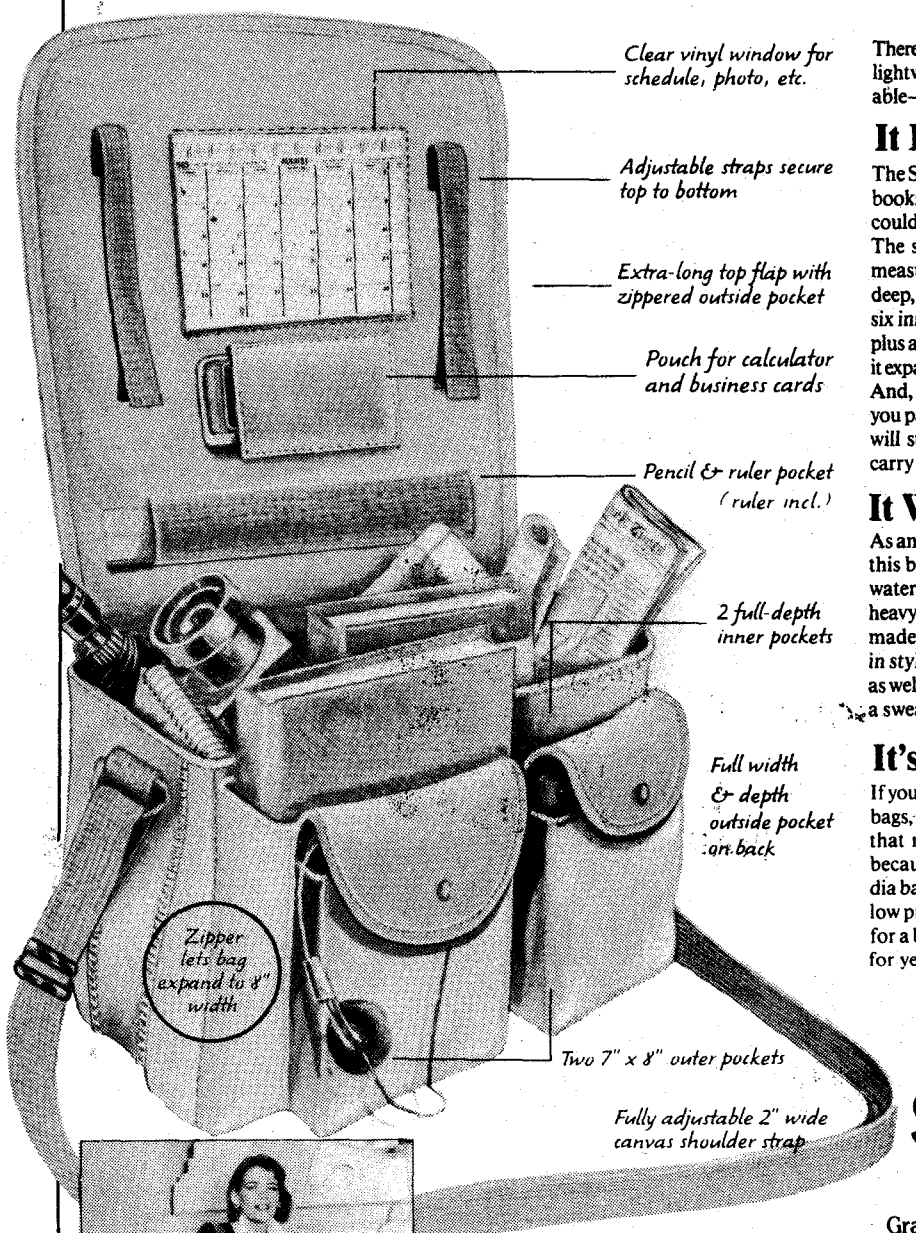
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